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# MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President  
H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President  
H. V. TYRELL, General Manager

VOLUME XXXIII

NUMBER TWO

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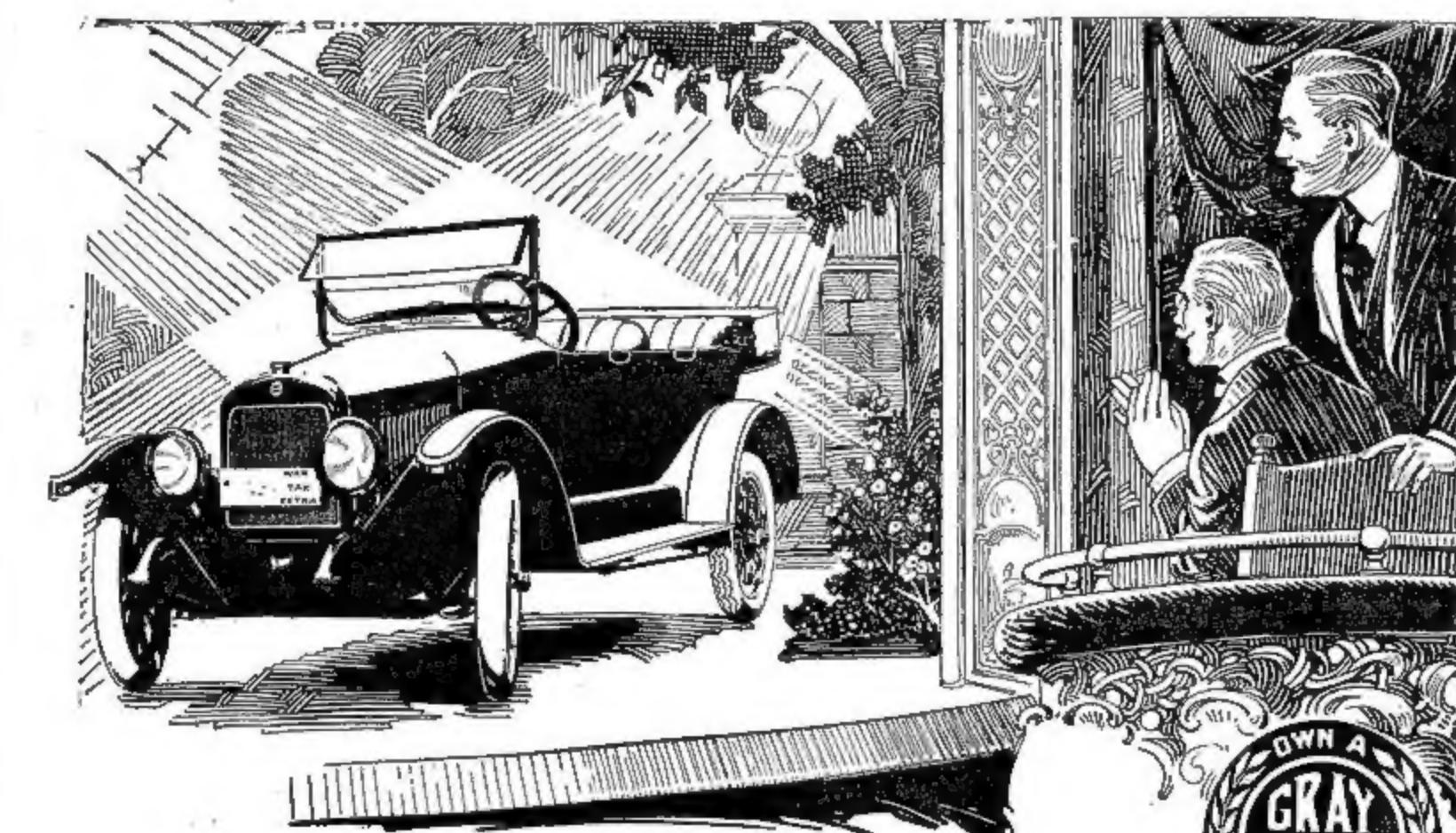
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The Girl on the Cover is Miss Elaine Hammerstein

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## Here's What You Get for \$1365 (PLUS WAR TAX) in the New GRAY-DORT

Flowery language never improved a motor car. We leave it to the Gray-Dort to interest you. We ask you to study the Gray-Dort, part by part, in comparison with any car costing several hundred dollars more. We give you here some of the Gray-Dort features. You cannot find another car which offers you all, or even many, of them, unless you pay much more than the Gray-Dort price. Which doesn't seem sensible, does it?

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New Features Place the Gray-Dort at the Head of Light Cars—and every one means many dollars added to the value of the Gray-Dort.

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A big, cellular-type radiator insures ample cooling. The husky rear axle is built where we can see it built—in Chatham. The long springs are built here, too.

The emergency brake is on a lever—as in big cars.

Your first ride as a passenger in the rear seat will impress you with the roominess of the Gray-Dort.

And your first ride in the driving compartment will give you the same impression—because the cowl is shorter—and smarter.

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The top, hand-tailored along new lines, is entirely becoming.

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you to see the Gray-Dort now.



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THE abnormal conditions in the business world which have prevailed, not only during the war period, but probably in a more marked degree since the cessation of hostilities, are not likely to entirely pass in the year which has just opened. The period of high pressure, of inflation, cannot be expected to pass suddenly. The world's supply of commodities is not yet equal to the demand. The long years of war greatly curtailed production, thus leaving a vacuum to be filled. With the return to peace the normal production of pre-war days has not yet been reached. And again normal consumption has grown. It will undoubtedly require at least another year to restore equilibrium between supply and demand, and until that becomes a reality high prices may be expected to continue.

Industrial prosperity will no doubt continue to be reflected in high prices for equities. The market may, as happened a couple of times during the past year, become overbought, but without doubt capital will continue in such demand that rates for money will continue high and serve to act as a curb. Because of the low exchange rates existing between the United States and European countries, American business men, despite the remarkable industrial expansion which they predict, are pessimistic over foreign trade, and it is believed that until Europe begins producing and sends across large amounts of commodities this adverse exchange rate will confine European purchases to things absolutely needed. This condition will reflect upon the internal prosperity of the country.

Conditions in the Middle West are, however, more cheerful and the weekly review of J. S. Bach & Co. has the following to say:

"The West is prospering greatly and optimism is the prevalent tone throughout. The farming community is unusually prosperous with high prices for grain. The West looks for a continuation of good times, due to the great buying power of the farmer."

"Look there," he said, "good skates enough, marked at \$1.75 a pair. Would you believe that I haven't sold one solitary pair out of that lot? Not a pair. I show them to customers regularly and they think there must be something wrong with them. I can't give them away."

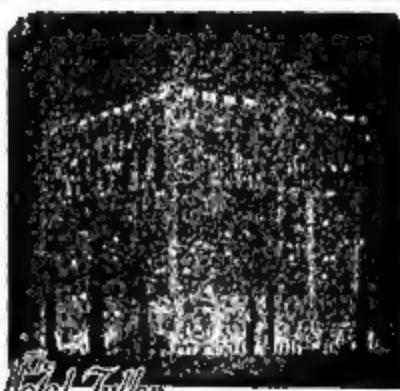
"You'll have a total loss on them then?"

"No," he replied, "in self defence I am going to raise those skates to \$3.00 a pair. Then they'll sell like hot cakes."

This illustrates pretty well the trend everywhere. People want the very best there is. It keeps the wheels of industry moving, but what is the ultimate outcome?



(There is cumulative evidence that Germany is supporting Bolsheviks and other insurrectionary movements in the hope that by the production of world chaos she may save from the ruins what she was unable to win in the war.—Cable dispatch.)



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From the Sidney "Bulletin."

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**MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE**

T. B. COSTAIN, Editor

J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Associate Editor

Volume XXXIII.

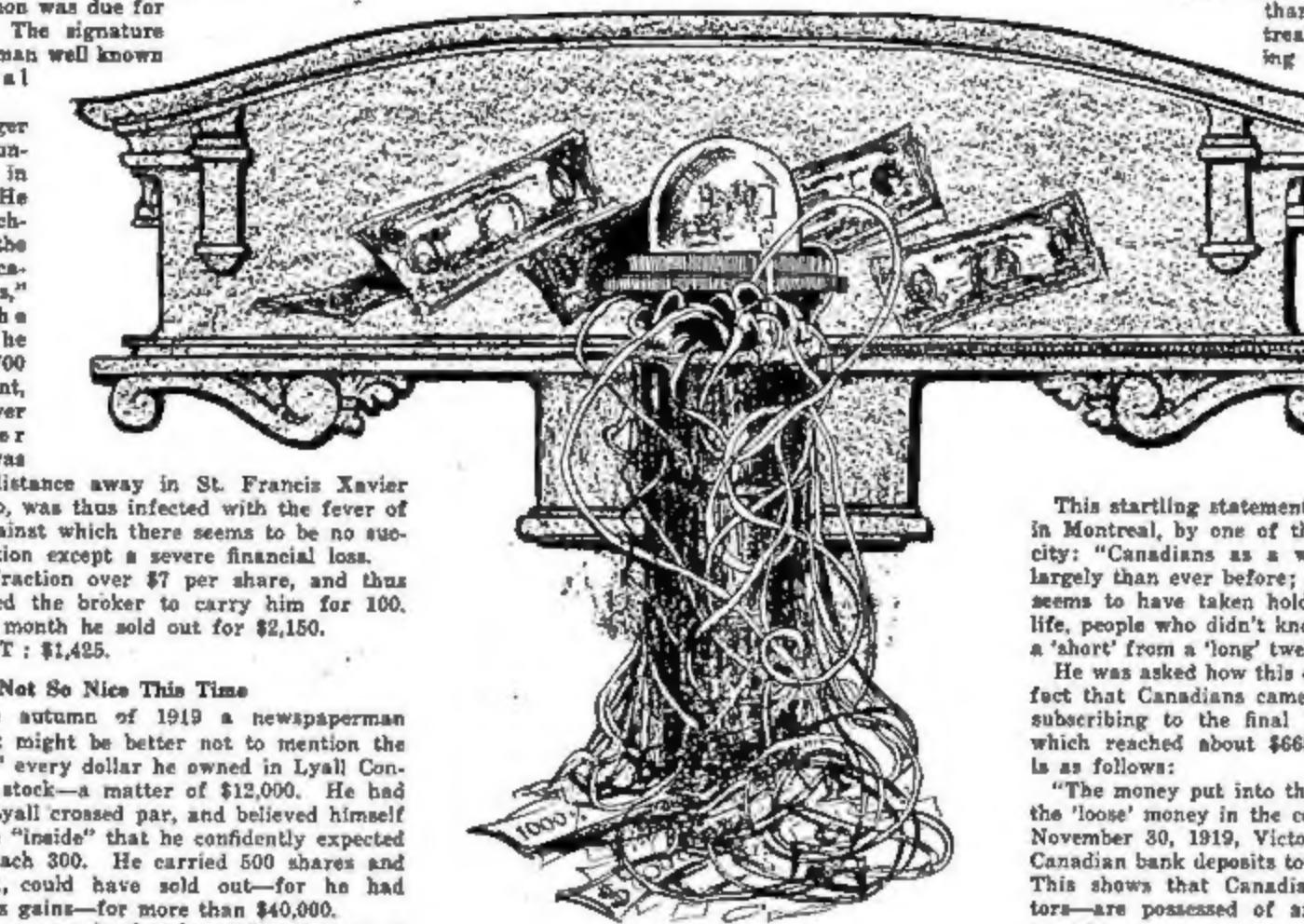
TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1920

Number 2

**EVERYBODY'S DOING IT**

By R. LAIRD BRISCOE

DECORATIONS BY LOUIS KEENE



WHILE sifting open the day's correspondence one morning last March a Montreal bank messenger happened to notice a letter stating that the writer believed Canada Felt Common was due for a quick rise. The signature was that of a man well known in financial circles.

The messenger had a few hundred dollars in the bank. He had been watching several of the clerks take occasional "fliers," and so at the lunch hour he withdrew \$700 from his account, and took it over to a broker whose office was just a short distance away in St. Francis Xavier Street. He, too, was thus infected with the fever of speculation, against which there seems to be no successful inoculation except a severe financial loss.

He paid a fraction over \$7 per share, and thus easily persuaded the broker to carry him for 100. In less than a month he sold out for \$2,150.

NET PROFIT: \$1,425.

Not So Nice This Time  
DURING the autumn of 1919 a newspaperman in—well, it might be better not to mention the city—"invested" every dollar he owned in Lyall Construction Co.'s stock—a matter of \$12,000. He had a "tip" when Lyall crossed par, and believed himself so much on the "inside" that he confidently expected the stock to reach 300. He carried 500 shares and by November 1, could have sold out—for he had "pyramided" his gains—for more than \$40,000.

But he held on, certain that he could clean up at least \$100,000, if not more. In less than a week Lyall tumbled from about 160 to below par. He was wiped out. As his salary is now \$40 a week, by saving half of it for eleven years he can almost make up what he lost in less than a week.

NET LOSS: \$12,000.

Yea, Everybody's Doing It  
A TORONTO broker owned forty-three shares of Abitibi Power and Paper Common. He unloaded it January 3, 1919, for \$2,150, or an even \$50 a share, and counted himself lucky. Two days later it started soaring, and soon reached 90; before the year was out it reached \$290. If he had sold his holdings the day after Christmas he would have received \$14,500 for them.

NET PROFIT OF \$6,600,000.

One Canadian and one American business man, each of whom has an international reputation in the financial world, are commonly believed to own sixty per cent of Abitibi Common. They are said to have done no trading in the stock during 1919, and during the year just past the market value of Abitibi increased about \$11,000,000. You may call this "unearned increment" if you like, but to the two men there came a

NET PROFIT OF \$6,600,000.

**A Speculation Frenzy**

HERE you have four more or less typical examples of the speculation frenzy which gripped thousands upon thousands of Canadians during 1919, operating on the three exchanges in Montreal, Toronto and

Winnipeg. Previous to 1919, the record year was 1918, when no less than 3,330,112 shares were traded in on the Montreal Exchange alone. Last year this record was exceeded by more than half a million, in Montreal alone, the aggregate being 3,865,683. When you add Toronto's 746,606 shares, and Winnipeg's 2,874 shares are included, a grand total for the Dominion of 4,615,613 shares is reached.

This, of course, is exclusive of mining stocks and the millions Canadians spent trading on the New York and Chicago Exchanges.

This startling statement was made a few days ago in Montreal, by one of the leading financiers of the city: "Canadians as a whole are speculating more largely than ever before; a mania for taking chances seems to have taken hold of people in all walks of life, people who didn't know a 'bull' from a 'bear,' or a 'short' from a 'long' twelve months ago."

He was asked how this could be true, in view of the fact that Canadians came forward so handsomely in subscribing to the final Victory Loan, the total of which reached about \$668,000,000. His explanation is as follows:

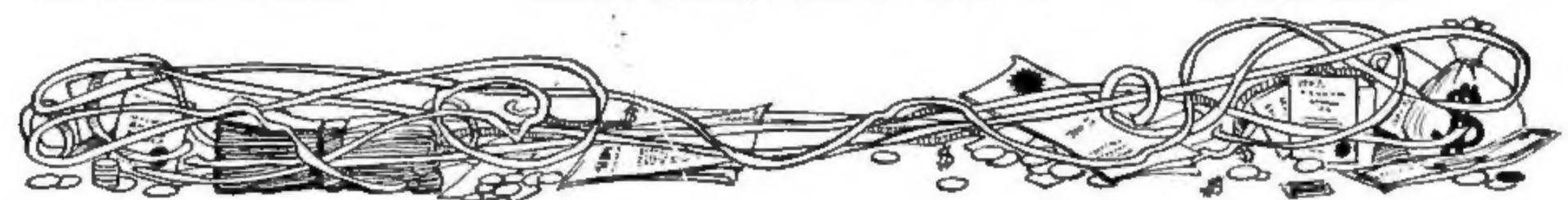
"The money put into the Victory loans was not all the 'loose' money in the country—not by a long shot. November 30, 1919, Victory Loan month, remember, Canadian bank deposits totalled almost \$2,000,000,000. This shows that Canadians—investors and speculators—are possessed of ample funds with which to operate."

"There are several reasons for this extraordinary year of speculation, apart from the 'loose' money. In the first place, a larger number of Canadians than ever before—infinitely larger—have become familiarized with paper securities, and after buying largely of Government bonds it is a logical step for the majority to interest themselves in less conservative issues."

"Secondly, fixed incomes from either work or capital are so comparatively inadequate that people want larger returns for their money."

"Thirdly, there is a psychological reason. So many people have become rich over-night that it is the most natural thing in the world for a man to try a fling at the market when, perhaps, his neighbor has made enough in a few days to buy a car."

Continued on page 76



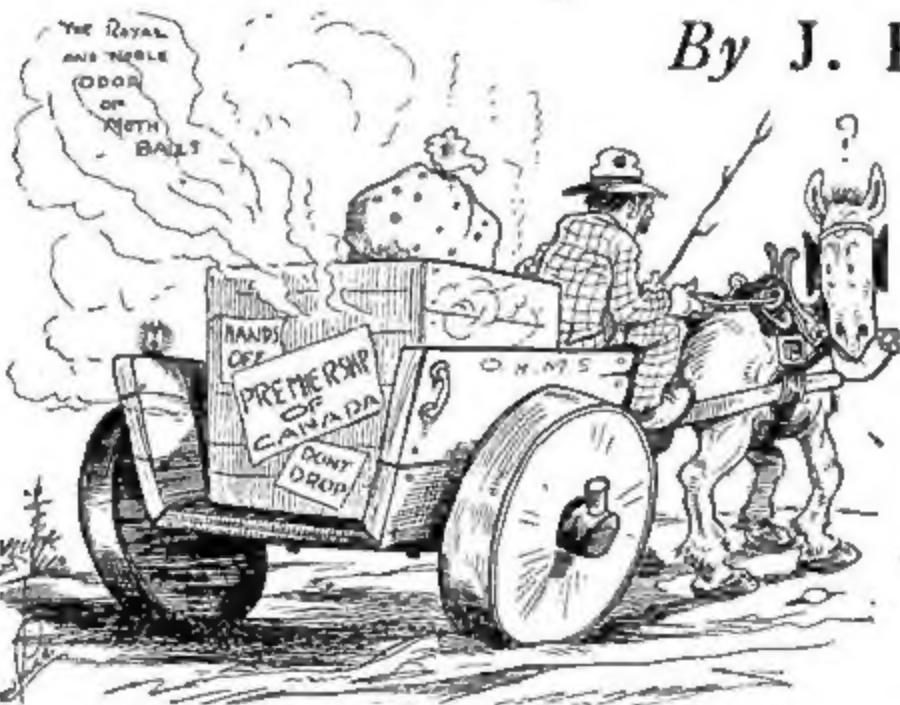


# AN ELECTION BEFORE FALL?

It Is Among the Probable Developments

By J. K. MUNRO

Illustrated by LOU SKUCE



Sir Robert packed the Premiership in moth balls and carted it off.

THE latest turn of the political wheel leaves both the old parties floundering in a mire of doubt and indecision. Can we hang on till the Farmer menace has worked itself out, was formerly the vital question. Now the query to which an answer is awaited reads: "Can we yet tarry and collect our indemnities till the effluxion of time does the rest?"

When Sir Robert Borden returned from the Sunny South, grabbed the helm and steered the ship of state into the doldrums the signs on the political sky told a story of Union Government drifting aimlessly and purposelessly towards 1923. But just as an "Act of God" may nullify a contract so it may cut short a voyage. When the family doctor at Ottawa shook his head and solemnly gave the verdict to Sir Robert Borden: "Quit and quit now or you know what will happen," there was consternation among the Cabinet crew. They rallied around the Premier and told him they didn't believe it. But the Toronto and Montreal specialists confirmed the verdict.

Then consternation gave way to activity. That old question, "If Sir Robert goes who can fill his place?" was answered with an "Here am I. Take me" from not one but half a dozen places. Hon. Arthur Meighen barked it out in the same legal voice with which he introduces closure. Hon. Wesley Rowell whispered it softly and his whisper found echo in many a Methodist chapel that is seldom defiled by worldly thoughts. Hon. James Calder smiled softly behind his wild-west moustache and, with a guilelessness born of the untutored West, made his answer sound through the lips of the Premier. Sir Thomas White shouted "I won't have it," so loudly that all and sundry might know just where he could be found should compulsory service become one of the features of the crisis. Sir George Foster dragged one foot out of the political grave, shook his hoary locks and grimly intimated that good Government should not perish from the earth while he was around to do his bit. Dear, old Charlie Doherty, he of the few periods and many pensions, girded up his loins and stood prepared to make the shortest speech of his life in case he had to reply to the crying demand of a Premierless country. For a short "I will" would give a visiting committee no chance to change its mind. Yes even the baby statesman, Sir Harry Drayton, mustered the smile that is peculiarly his own, and modestly whispered that if the pawing patriots reaching for the "highest honor in a grateful country's gift" had to resort to a compromise candidate he stood ready to shed his coat and take up the work where Sir Robert had dropped it. In fact, the only two who didn't appear to have been stung by the Premiership bug were Hon. Arthur Sifton and Hon. C. C. Hallantyne. They're both more or less invalids and on their return to health will probably be added to a list of eligibles for the Premiership of which any country might well be proud.

Those were anxious days at Ottawa. The clarion

call of country may occasionally reach the wrong man, you know, unless the real statesman's friends see to it that the sound waves are wafted in the right direction.

Naturally, too, such a multiplicity of Premiers-to-be created a certain discord in the Union family. In the first place Sir Robert, about whose administration there has always been a trace of the divine right, thought that he should name his successor. This suited just one member of the Cabinet — smooth, smiling James Calder. James decided that Sir Robert was absolutely within his rights the moment he ascertained that the heir-apparent to be named by the Premier was a certain Western Statesman who wears a big moustache and a reputation for astuteness rivaled only by that political expert Hon. Bob Rogers. But it may have been the smile on the face of the —, beg pardon, the smirk of satisfaction on the face of Mr. Calder that woke the Cabinet up to what was happening. Anyway they filled the Council Chamber with their sobs and cries. "We are the men who have to bear the burden of the fray," they protested. "Surely it is we who should say who shall lead us."

This deadlock was broken when some reckless correspondents who weren't supposed to know what was going on sent out a report that a temporary leader would be appointed and that a caucus of the members of Parliament and Senators would be called to make the final selection. This made little Arthur Meighen the centre of certain suspicious glances. For the majority of the Unionist Members and Senators, deep down in their hearts, are still Conservatives and two astute gentlemen, named Rowell and Calder respectively and whose future is tied up in the continuance of Unionism, could see those Old Tories voting for a little lawyer from Portage la Prairie. For young Mr. Meighen is the only Tory on the list, since Sir Thomas White returned to financial life, who is not beyond the age limit for active service. And it just naturally

that Hon. Sidney Mewburn to pack his kit bag and go. He never was a politician and he knew it. He also knew that he was taken in so that when military troubles arose he could be made the goat. He won't be missed, and he's glad to get back home to Hamilton. But if Calder and Rowell decided to slip away into obscurity, it would be different. They'd take with them about all the Union there is in the Union Government. And none could be found to replace them. For sending a Liberal-Unionist back to the country for re-election is equivalent to asking him to go out and commit political suicide.

It is just possible that Hon. Rowell and Calder were running a little bluff when they did their ultimating. Far be it from me to suggest that Hon. Wesley knows there is such a game as poker, but it's different with Hon. Jim. He comes from the West, you know, where even the Indians know the value of a hand. But, bluff or no bluff, that ultimatum sent a cold chill down half a score of Cabinet spines. They decided right then and there that it was time to get together and decide on something, or, rather, on the best way of doing nothing.

They got together and conferred and out of that conference came the decision that Sir Robert Borden must take the Premiership with him on his hunt for health, while his colleagues dawdled along, hoping against hope that an outraged political god would rise in his might and smite the farmers hip and thigh.

The manifesto issued by that conference struck a high patriotic note in the statement, "The health of the Premier is the first consideration." These few words breathed the Cabinet sentiment that Borden, sick or well, was the binding tie of Unionism, and that Unionism, whether it labored or layed, was the country's salvation.

Borden Will Never Resume

ANYWAY, Sir Robert has gone. He has taken the Premiership, no one knows where. When he brings it back it will be to deposit it at the feet of his successor. For the one sure thing that sticks up through the mists of the

political future is that Sir Robert Borden will never return to resume his duties as Premier of Canada. He went away for his own good—because the state of his health made his going imperative. He took the Premiership along for the Cabinet's good—because he could see no place to leave it that would not create turmoil that would wreck the Cabinet. He provided for his own good and for the Cabinet's good, but what of the country? Sir Robert Borden must be guided by a firm conviction that a Unionist Government that exists and drifts may be good or bad, but good or bad, it is better than any other Government that might be chosen by the people of Canada. No, it wasn't Sir Robert Borden who uttered those immortal words: "Trust the People."

So with Sir Robert gone and things drifting along in the same old way, everyone is peering into the future and trying to figure what the New Year may bring forth. Of course, Sir George Foster was chosen for acting leader. He can do nothing just as industriously, if not so spectacularly, as Sir Robert. Their methods differ a bit. Sir Robert spends half the year in Europe making empires and most of the other half resting up at Yankee health resorts. Sir George spends most of his time slaving at inconsequential details that might better be left to a minor civil servant. But in his own way each reaches the same result. Anyway, in case Sir George fails to fill in enough nothings to keep Parliament busy, he is to have a House Leader as his assistant. Hon. Charles Doherty is the man picked. Mr. Doherty's specialty is explanations. He can explain why twice two is four so lucidly and at such length that when he's through he won't know himself what he's been talking about. So, with Sir George Foster doing nothing and Judge Doherty explaining how and why he did it, the time of the House will be fully occupied.

What of the Coming Session?

ALL of which brings us to the coming session. What bill-of-fare will be presented to this Union Parliament that floated in on a patient country on the crest of a wave of patriotic fervor? Honestly, and without any attempt at equivocation, I don't know. There are reasons why I don't. One of them is that the Cabinet itself does not know. Another is that I don't know how to work a ouija board.

One usually reliable source of information says: "There will be a franchise act brought down during the coming session, and there will be an election before the end of the present year. I'm not guessing at this, I know."

Now that sounds pretty final, doesn't it? But another authority was just as good, just as emphatic, and exactly contrary.

"There will be no franchise act brought down," he declared. "And there will be no election in the immediate future. The Cabinet will hang on, and with the least possible exertion. The program for this session will be light and devoid of controversial matters. The tariff will be given a well-earned rest, and everybody will go home happy, carrying his indemnity check with him."

Now both these statements can be traced to inside sources. Read into each other, they can only mean that there is a little family jar in the Union Cabinet. The scramble for the Premiership did not introduce peace and good will into a circle that has always been more or less torn by jealousy. The fact that Sir Robert Borden packed that Premiership in moth balls and carted it off as part of his personal baggage kept the lid on, but it did not extinguish the fire that smoldered under the lid. The blow-up must come sooner or later, and, to one up a tree, it begins to look as if it might be sooner.

To be sure, there are ways in which the explosion might be delayed. Sir Robert Borden might regain his health. Then Sir Thomas White might be induced to forego his pursuit of the elusive dollar to give his country two or three more years of Unionism.

Thomas is as popular with the mere members

of the party that they, if given a chance, would vote him into the leadership almost unanimously. Then if he could hold enough of the Cabinet to make a quorum at Council meetings, he could wiggle along till 1923. Of course, Sir Thomas would not make a good leader to go to the country with. When he was in the Government there were

unkindly suspicions that he was from, and of, the Big Interests. When he stepped out of the Government and into directorships of two or three big corporations that seemed to open to receive him, those suspicions were strengthened. Then there's those tax-free Victory Bonds. He claimed that no others could be floated. Sir Henry Drayton floated a taxable issue. Unkindly people like the Farmers might rise up and declare

that Sir Thomas' greatest work, while Minister of Finance, had been to provide a safe and sane abiding place for War Profits. With Sir Thomas as leader, the Unionist Party would have to start explaining the moment it hit the stump. And in political campaigns he who starts to explain is lost.

Leaders Wanted to Keep Them Together

BUT a leader to go to the country is not what the Unionists are looking for just now. They're looking for the man who will keep them from going to the country. And as Sir Thomas White is the only man in sight who can fill the bill, there is no reason why he shouldn't top off a rather interesting career by adding "Ex-Premier" to his list of titles.

As to the Unionist Party, whether it remains in its present rather chaotic state or adopts a platform and blossoms out as a full sister to the various other parties which infest this flower among the sister Dominions, it will hardly weather through to a ripe old age. Even Union Ministers admit that its end will be a bit sudden when the country takes an axe in hand and prepares to whittle out a Parliament to its peace-time taste. Some of these Union Ministers sadly predict that, whether the election comes this year or next, or the year after, it won't bring back enough Unionists to make a respectable group. In the strictest confidence, these Ministers will whisper that the next Parliament will have to find seats for about a hundred Farmers; that the Liberals from east of the Ottawa River will figure up to about ninety or more. This leaves sixty-five seats to be

divided up among Conservatives, Labor, Returned Soldiers and Unionists. Rather a dreary view from the Seats of the Mighty, isn't it?

Of course a lot of good Tories insist that by some hook or crook, the Government should hold on till a census is taken and a redistribution of constituencies made. Representation by population would give the cities more members and the cities can be depended on not to go Farmer.

But What of Labor?

BUT right here another song arises. More city seats mean more Labor members. And among the corporations, who are wont to furnish the campaign funds, Labor is looked on with more apprehension than the agrarian movement. "Farmers' uprisings come and go," is the way one man put it. "But the Labor movement grinds

slowly ahead, keeping every inch of ground it gains and constantly reaching out for more. We might get the Farmers back in line, but a seat lost to Labor stays lost."

So you can venture a guess that if a redistribution of seats does come, with the present Government doing the distributing, the cities won't be treated any more generously than they have been in the past.

Liberal Sunshine is Lacking

WHILE the Gloom God reigns over the counsels of the Cabinet, there is little of the merry sunshine where the Grand Old Liberal Party meets to plan for the future. There was an organization meeting at Ottawa in the early days of December. Sixty-five delegates were entitled to be present and about twenty-five put in an appearance. Three or four more from the Prairies. There was only one from that hive of partyism, Nova Scotia. Ontario sent most of its quota and Quebec did the rest. Not one Premier of a Province put in an appearance. Even that near-Premier, H. Hartley Dewar of Ontario, overlooked the conference, though he happened along next day to do his bit at an oyster supper that had been prepared in his honor.

The whole thing lacked ginger and there was no trace of enthusiasm in its make-up. It stood out in shocking contrast to gatherings of other and better days, when the white plumes of a Laurier led the van and every trumpet call brought an army of warhorses and hangers-on to the capital. It brought memories of the August convention when the Premiers of eight Provinces and the prospective Premier of the ninth came early and stayed till the last returns were in. It also caused one to reflect that those eight Premiers boosted early and late for Fielding for Liberal leader. They had to accept the boy statesman, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, in Fielding's place and stead. They did it, but they liked it none too well.

The fact remains that the Liberal Party is as badly torn and warped as its enemies, the Unionists. In Quebec it is split up the back, and, though no open rupture is looked for till after the next election, it seems assured that there will be Lapointe and Gouin factions in the next Quebec delegation at Ottawa. In Ontario King is looked upon with suspicion by even hardened Grits. He is suspected of having tied up to Hon. Charles Murphy and others whose policy is said to be to carry Quebec, the French constituencies of Eastern Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces, and let the rest of Ontario and the West go hang. On the prairies the Provincial Premiers are standing aloof, hoping for some arrangement that will allow them to hang on, provided they don't interfere with the Grain Growers' Federal plans. At the outside edges of the Dominion, in B. C. and the Maritimes, there are still Liberal organizations that show signs of life, but with so much trouble nearer home, "The Grand Old Party" hardly has time to notice them.

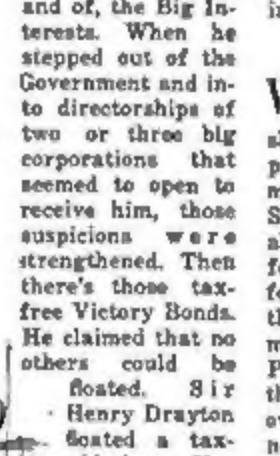
The Farmers Have Troubles, Too

HOW about the Farmers, then? Have they cornered the political sunshine and left their opponents in monopoly of the gloom? Truth to tell, the men behind the newest political party have troubles all their own.

When the On-



It was answered from not one, but half a dozen places.



The Ontario yeomen swept Sir William Hearst into the discard.

tarie yeomen swept Sir William Hearst into the discard, swooped down and took possession of Queen's Park, they did it on a platform of protests. Continued on page 76

# THE THREAD of FLAME

By BASIL KING

Author of "The City of Comrades," "The High Heart," "The Inner Shrine," etc.

Illustrated by  
CHARLES L. WRENN



The lifted one and brought it to me.

**SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENTS.**—The writer awakes in the berth of an Atlantic steamer to find that he has no recollection of his own identity, his past life or his present whereabouts. He finds that he is travelling under the name of Jasper Soames, and sharing his berth with a blinded soldier named Harry Drinkwater. The latter knows nothing of him. Try as he will to probe into the blankness, the only recollection that he can grasp is of a pair of dark eyes that he conjures up in the darkness of his mind. Fearing that he may be in danger of some kind, he refuses to let those about him know of his dilemma, and is careful to avoid the advances of a Dr. Averill, who is interested in his case, and the secretary of the latter, a pretty young girl named Lydia Blair. On arriving in New York, Drinkwater finds lodgings at a rooming-house recommended by Lydia Blair, while Soames goes to a hotel. A few days later, having met with the Averills after a concert, he retains a knowledge of music which adds to the mystery surrounding his identity and fills their eyes with questions he cannot satisfy.

## CHAPTER IX—Continued

WHEN I let it go by, Mildred Averill began to talk somewhat at random. She didn't want that significant silence to be repeated. I had had my chance and I hadn't taken it. Very well; my reasons would be respected; but I couldn't keep people from wondering. That was what I knew she was saying, though her actual words referred to our expedition of a few days previously.

And of that she spoke with an intonation that associated me with herself. She and I had taken two nice, young people of the working classes for an outing. Let me hasten to say that there was no condescension in what she said; condescension wasn't in her; there was only the implication that whatever the ground she stood on I stood on that ground too. She threw out a hint that as New York in these September days was barely waking from its summer lethargy, and there was little to fill time, we might all four do the same again.

In this she was reserved, nonlike, yet—what shall I say? What is there to say when a woman betrays what very few people perceive, and one isn't supposed to know to be there? There is a decoration on certain old Chinese porcelains which you can only see in

special lights. A vase or a bowl may be of, let us say, a rich green monochrome. You may look at the thing a thousand times and nothing but the monochrome will be visible. Then one day the sun will strike it at a special angle, or the light may otherwise be what the artist did his work for, and beneath the green you will discern dragons or chrysanthemums in gold. Somewhat in that way the real Mildred Averill came out and withdrew, withdrew and came out, not so much according to changes in her as according to changes in the person observing her. When you saw her from one point of view she was diffident, demure, not colorless, but all of one color like a rare piece of monochrome. When you looked at her from another you saw the golden dragons and chrysanthemums. You might not have understood what they symbolized, but this much at least you would have known—that the gold was the gold of fire, all the more dangerous perhaps because it was banked down.

That in this company, with its batteries of tacit inquiry turned on all the while I took my tea, I was uneasy will go without saying, and so I took the earliest possible opportunity to get up and slip away. I did not slip away, however, before Mrs. Averill had asked me to lunch on the following Sunday, and I had been forced into accepting the invitation. I had been forced, because she wouldn't take no for an answer. She wanted to talk about music; she wanted to sing to me; in reality, as I guessed then, and soon came to know, she was determined to wring from me, out of sheer curiosity, the facts I wouldn't confide of my own accord.

But having accepted the invitation I saw that there were advantages in doing so. Once back in the current to which I belonged I should have more chances of the recognition for which I was working. The social life of any country runs in streams like those we see pictured on isothermal charts. The same kind of people move in the same kind of medium from north to south, and from east to west. If you know one man there you will soon know another, till you have a chain of acquaintances, all socially similar, right across the continent. That I had such a chain I didn't doubt for an instant; my only difficulty was to get in touch with it. As soon as I did that each name would bring up a kindred name, till I found myself swimming in my native channel, wherever it was, like a fish in the Gulf Stream, whether off the coast of Norway or that of Mexico.

So I came to the conclusion that I had done right in acceding to Mrs. Averill's insistence, though it occurred to me on second thoughts that I should need another suit of clothes. That I had was well enough for knockabout purposes, especially when carried off with some amount of bluff; but the poverty of its origin would become too evident if worn on all occasions. I had seen at the emporium that by spending more money and putting on only a slightly enhanced swagger I could make a much better appearance in the eyes of those who didn't examine me too closely. I decided that the gain would warrant the extravagance.

Within ten days of my landing, therefore, my nearly four hundred dollars had come down to nearly two, though I had the consolation of knowing that my chances of soon getting at my bank account were better. At any minute now my promenades in the hotels might be rewarded, while conversation with the Averills would sooner or later bring up names with which I should have associations.

I was disconcerting then, on the following Sunday, to be received with some constraint. It was the more disconcerting in that the coldness came from Averill himself. He strolled into the hall while I was putting down my hat and stick, shaking hands with the peculiar listlessness of a man who disapproved of what is happening. As hitherto I had found him interested and cordial I couldn't help being struck by the change.

"You see how we are," he observed, pointing to an open packing case. "Not up to the point of having guests; but Mrs. Averill—"

"Mrs. Averill was too kind to me to think of inconvenience to herself."

"Just come up to the library, will you? and I'll tell her you're here."

It was a way of getting rid of me till his wife could come and assume her own responsibilities.

So long a time had passed since I had seen the interior of an American house of this order that I took notes as I made my way upstairs. Out of the unsuspected resources of my being came the capacity to do it. Most people on entering a house see nothing but its size. A background more or less elaborately furnished may be in their minds, but they have not the knowledge to enable them to seize details. The careful arrangement of taste is all one to them with some nondescript, haphazard jumble.

In this dwelling, in one of the streets off Fifth Avenue, on the eastern side of Central Park, I found the typical home of the average wealthy American. Money had been spent on it, but with a kind of helplessness. Helplessness had designed the house, as it had planned, or hadn't planned, the street outside.

A square hall contained a few monumental pieces of furniture because they were monumental. A dining-room behind it was full of high-backed Italian chairs because they were high-backed and Italian. The stairs were built as they were because the architect had not been able to avoid a dark spot in the middle of the house and the stairs filled it. On the floor above a glacial drawing-room in white and gold, with the furniture still in bags, ran the width of the back of the house, while across the front was the library into which I was shown, spacious, cheerful, with plenty of books, magazines, and easy chairs.

In the way of pictures there were but two—modern portraits of a man and a woman, whom I had no difficulty in setting down as the father and mother Averill. Of the mother I knew nothing except that she had been a school teacher; of the father, Miss Blair had given me the detailed history as told in *Men Who Have Made New Jersey*.

Hubbard Averill was the son of a shoemaker in Elizabeth. On leaving school at fifteen he had the choice of going into a grocery store as clerk or as office-boy into a bank. He chose the bank. Ten years later he was teller. Five years after that he was cashier. Five years after that he had the same position in a bank of importance in Jersey City. Five years after that he was recognized as one of the able young financiers in the neighborhood of New York. Before he was fifty his name was honored by those who count in Wall Street. It was the history of most of the successful American bankers I had ever heard of.

There was no packing case in the library, but a number of objects recently unpacked stood round

about on tables, waiting to be disposed of. There was a little Irish glass, with much old porcelain and pottery, both Chinese and European. I had not time to appraise the things with the eye before Miss Averill slipped in.

SHE wore a hat and was dressed in what I suppose was tan-colored linen; she seemed just to have come in from the street.

"My sister will be down in a minute. She's generally late on Sunday. I've been good, and have been to church."

We sat down together on a window-seat, with some self-consciousness on both sides. I noticed again that

though her hair was brown, her eyebrows and long curving lashes were black, striking the same discreet, yet obscurely dangerous, note as the rest of her personality. In the topaz of her eyes there were little specks of gold like those in her chain of amber beads.

After a little introductory talk, she began telling me of the help Miss Blair was giving Drinkwater. She had begun to teach him what she called "big stenography." Shorthand and the touch system were included in it, as well as the knack of transcribing from the dictaphone. Boyd had bought a machine on purpose for them to practise with, looking forward to the day when Harry should resume his old job connected with laboratory work.

"And what's to become of Miss Blair?"

My companion lowered her fine lashes, speaking with the seeming shyness that was her charm. "I'm thinking of asking her to come and live with me. You see, if I take a house of my own I shall need someone, and she suits me. She understands the kind of people I like to work among—"

"Oh, then, you're not going to keep on living here?"

"I've lived with my brother and sister ever since my father died; but one comes to a time when one needs a home of one's own. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, of course!"

"A man—like you, for instance—can be so free; but a woman has to live within exact limitations. The only way she can get any liberty at all is within her own home. Not that my brother and sister aren't angelic to me. They are, of course; but you know what I mean." The glance that stole under her lashes was half daring and half apologetic. "It must be wonderful to do as one likes—to experiment with different sorts of life—and get to know things at first hand."

In that was her summing up concerning me. I was one of those moderns with so keen a thirst for life that I was tasting it at all its springs. She didn't know my ultimate intention, but she could sympathize with my methods and admire my courage and thoroughness. Almost in so many words, she said that if she had not been timid and hedged in by conventions it was what she would have liked herself.

Before anyone came to disturb us there seeped through her conversation, too, the reason of Averill's coldness. They had discussed me a good deal, and while he had nothing to accuse me of, he considered that the burden of the proof of my innocence lay with me. I might be all right—and then I might not be. So long as there was any question as to my probity, I was a person to watch, with readiness to help, but not one to ask to luncheon. He would not have invited me to tea a few days before, and had allowed me to pass and repass before ceding to his wife's persistence. He had consequently been the more annoyed when she carried her curiosity to the point of bringing me there that day.

Miss Averill did not, of course, say these things; she would have been amazed to know that I inferred them. I shouldn't have inferred them had I not seen her brother and partially read his mind.

But my hostess came trailing in—the verb is the only one I can find to express her gracefully lymphatic movements—and I was obliged to submit to a welcome which was over-emphasized for the benefit of the husband who entered behind her.

"We're really not equipped for having anyone come to us," she apologized. "We're scarcely unpacked. We're going to move from this house, anyhow, when we can find another. It's so poky. If we're to entertain again—she turned to her sister: "Mildred, dear, couldn't someone have cleared these things away?" Waving her hand toward the array of potteries and porcelains, she continued to me: "One buys such a lot during two or three years abroad, doesn't one? I'm sure Mrs. Soames must feel the way I do, that she doesn't know where to put the things when she's got them home."

I knew the reason for the reference, which the others were as quick to catch as I, and, in the idiom of the moment, tried to "side-step" it by saying:

"That's a good thing—that Rouen saladier. You don't often pick up one of that shape nowadays."

"I saw it in an old shop at Dreux," Mrs. Averill informed me, in her melting tone. "I got this pair of Ming vases there, too. At least, they said they were Ming; but I don't suppose they are. One is so taken in. But I liked them whatever they are, and so—"

She lifted one up and brought it to me—a dead-white jar, decorated with green foliage, violet-blue flowers, and tiny specks of red fruit.

Something in me leaped. I took the vase in my hand as if it had been a child of my flesh and blood. I was far from thinking of my bearers as I said:

"It's not Ming; but it's very good K'ang-hsi."

I had thrown another little bomb into their camp, but it surprised them no more than it did me. A trance medium who hears himself speaking in a hitherto unknown tongue could not have been more amazed at his own utterance. I went on talking, not to give them information but to listen for what I should say next.

They had all three drawn near me. "How can you tell?" Miss Averill asked, partly in awe at my knowledge, and partly to give me the chance to display it.

"Oh, very much as you can tell the difference between a hat you wear this year and one you wore five years ago. The styles are quite different. Ming corresponds roughly to the Tudor period in English history, and K'ang-hsi to the earlier Stuarts—with much the same distinction as we get between the output of those two epochs. Ming is older, bolder, stronger, rougher, with a kind of primitive force in it; K'ang-hsi is the product of a more refined civilization. It has less of the instinctive and more deliberated selection. It is more finished—more self-conscious." I picked up the Rouen saladier and a Sèvres cup and saucer, putting them side by side. "It's something like the difference between these—strength and color and dash in the one, and in the other a more elaborately perfected art. You couldn't be in any doubt, once you'd been in the habit of seeing them."

Mrs. Averill's question was as natural and spontaneous as a laugh.

"Where have you seen them so much, Mr. Soames?"

"Oh, a little everywhere," I managed to say.

"She gave me a whole half mile on the mind. "Love is a very queer thing."



# HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

## A Story of the Time of the Merrie Monarch

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel," etc.

Illustrated by C. F. PETERS

### CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

#### CHAPTER FIFTEEN—Continued

**H**E was standing in the bay of the window, and his figure, silhouetted against the light in the room, must have been plainly visible to the crowd outside. That a number of people had assembled by now was apparent by the hum and hubbub which came to us from below. Unable to restrain my curiosity, I, too, approached the open casements and peered out into the gloom. Just as I thought, quite a crowd had collected down there, some of whom were making ready to climb up to the window by way of the gutter-pipes or the solid stems of the ivy, whilst others were trooping down the narrow little alley which connects Tothill Street with the Park at the base of Mr. Betterton's house. There was a deal of talking, laughing and shouting. "Tom Betterton is up to some prank!" I heard more than one person say.

#### VIII

PERHAPS you will wonder what was my Lord's attitude during the few minutes—it was less than five—which elapsed between the instant when Mr. Betterton first threw open the casements and that when the crowd, headed by Sir William Davenant and Mr. Killigrew, trooped down the alley on their way to this house. To me he seemed at first wholly uncomprehending, like a man who has received a blow on the head—just as I did from his fist a moment ago—and before whose eyes the walls of the room, the furniture, the people, are all swimming in an ocean of stars. I imagine that at one time the thought flashed as lightning through his mind that this was but the culminating outrage wherewith his enemy meant to pillory him and his bride before a jeering public. That was the moment when he turned to her ladyship and, uttering a hoarse cry, called to her by name. She was, just then, leaning in semi-consciousness against the angle of the bay. She did not respond to his call, and Mr. Betterton, quick in his movements, alert now like some feline on the prowl, stepped immediately in front of her, facing my Lord and screaming her against his approach.

"Stand back, man," he commanded. "Stand back, I tell you! You shall not come nigh her save on bended knees, with head bowed in the dust, suing for pardon in that you dared to insult her."

Everything occurred so quickly, movements, events, followed one another in such rapid succession, that I, overcome with agitation and the effect of the stunning blow which I had received, was hardly able to take it all in. Much less is it in my power to give you a faithful account of it all. These five minutes were the most spirit-stirring ones I have ever experienced throughout my life—every second appeared surcharged with an exciting fluid which transported me to supernal regions, to lands of unrealities akin to vivid dreams.

At one moment, I remember seeing my Lord Stour make a rapid and furtive movement in the direction of his sword, which lay some little distance from him on the ground, but Mr. Betterton was quicker even than his foe, more alert, and with one bound he had reached the weapon, ere my Lord's hand was nigh it, had picked it up and, with a terrific jerk, broke it in half across his knee. Then he threw the mangled hilt in one direction, the point in another, and my Lord raised his fists, ready methinks to fly at his throat.

"Aye! the truth!" Mr. Betterton rejoined with perfect calm, even whilst his friends glanced puzzled and enquiring from my Lord Stour to him and thence to her Ladyship's pale face and even to me. "The truth," he added with a deep sigh as of intense relief: "The truth, at last!"

He stood in the centre of the room, with one hand resting upon the desk, his eyes fixed fearlessly upon the sea of faces before him. Not the slightest tremor marred the perfect harmony of his voice or the firm poise of his manly figure. You know as well as I do, dear mistress, the marvelous magnetism of Mr.



#### CHAPTER SIXTEEN

##### I

**I**N the meanwhile, the crowd all round the house had visibly swelled. Some people were still standing immediately beneath the bow-window, whilst others had swarmed into Tothill Street; the foremost amongst the latter had given a vigorous tug at the bell-pull, and the front door being opened for them by the bewildered servant, they had made a noisy irruption into the house. We could hear them clattering up the stairs to the accompaniment of much laughing and talking and the oft-reiterated refrain: "Tom Betterton is up to some prank! Hurrah!!"

Some few again, more venturesome and certainly more impudent than most, had indeed succeeded in scrambling up to the window, and, one after another, heads and shoulders began to appear in the framework of the open casements.

Her Ladyship had no doubt realized from the first that escape became impossible within two minutes of Mr. Betterton's first summons to the public. Just at first, perhaps, if my Lord had preserved his entire presence of mind, he might have taken her by the hand and fled with her out of the house, before the unruly crowd had reached Tothill Street. But my Lord, blinded by jealous rage, had not thought of her quickly enough, and now the time was past and he remained impotent, gasping with fury, hardly conscious of his actions. He had been literally swept off his feet by Mr. Betterton's eaglewinged *coup de main*, which left him puzzled and the prey to a nameless terror as to what was about to follow.

Now, when he saw a number of gentlemen trooping by the door, he could but stare at them in utter bewilderment. Most of these gallants were personally known to him: Sir William Davenant was in the forefront with Mr. Thomas Killigrew of the King's Theatre, and the Earl of Rochester was with them as well as Mr. Wycherley. I also recognized Sir Charles Sedley and old Sir John Denham, as well as my Lord Roscommon among the crowd.

They had all rushed in through the door, laughing and jesting, as was the wont of all these gay and courtly sparks; but at sight of the Lady Barbara, they halted. Gibes and unseemly jokes broke upon their lips, and for the most part their heads went up to their bats and they made her Ladyship a deep obeisance. Indeed, just then she looked more like a wraith than a living woman, and the light of the candles which flickered wildly in the draught accentuated the weirdness of her appearance.

"What is it, Tom? What is amiss?" Sir William Davenant was thus the first to speak.

"We thought you were playing some prank."

"You did call from that window, did you not, Tom?" my Lord Rochester insisted.

And one or two of the gentlemen nodded somewhat coldly to my Lord Stour.

"Yes, I did call," Mr. Betterton replied, quite firmly. "But 'twas no whim on my part thus to drag you into my house. It was not so much my voice that you heard as the trumpet blast of truth."

At this, my Lord Stour broke into one of those harsh, mirthless fits of laughter which betokened the perturbation of his spirit.

"The truth!" he exclaimed with a cutting sneer.

"From you?"

"Aye! the truth!" Mr. Betterton rejoined with perfect calm, even whilst his friends glanced puzzled and enquiring from my Lord Stour to him and thence to her Ladyship's pale face and even to me. "The truth," he added with a deep sigh as of intense relief: "The truth, at last!"

He stood in the centre of the room, with one hand resting upon the desk, his eyes fixed fearlessly upon the sea of faces before him. Not the slightest tremor marred the perfect harmony of his voice or the firm poise of his manly figure. You know as well as I do, dear mistress, the marvelous magnetism of Mr.

pray you, hear me unto the end," he continued, as a low murmur of horror and indignation followed on this self-accusation. "My Lord Stour is no traitor, save to her whom he loves and whom in his thoughts he hath dared to outrage. The Lady Barbara Wychwood designed to plead with me for the man whom she honored with her love. She pleaded with me this afternoon, in the Park, in sight of many passers-by; but I in my obstinacy and arrogance would not, God forgive me, listen to her."

**H**E paused, and I could see the beads of perspiration glittering upon his forehead, white now like Italian alabaster. They all stood before him, subdued and silent. Think of Sir William Davenant, dear Mistress, and his affection for Mr. Betterton: think of my Lord Roscommon and of Sir Charles Sedley and his Lordship of Rochester, whose admiration for Mr. Betterton's talent was only equalled by their appreciation for his worth! It was before them all, before all these fastidious gentlemen, that the great and sensitive artist had elected to humble his

pride to the dust.

But you shall judge.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Betterton went on after a brief while, "we all know that love is a game at which one cheats. I loved the Lady Barbara Wychwood. I had the presumption to dream of her as my future wife. Angered at her scorn of my suit, I cheated her into coming here to-night, luring her with the hope that I would consent to right the man for whose sake she was willing to risk so much, for whom she was ready to sacrifice even her fair name. Now I have learned to my hurt that love, the stern little god, will not be trifled with. When we try to cheat him, he cheats us worse at the last; and if he makes kings of us, he leaves us beggars in the end. When my Lord Stour, burning with sacrilegious jealousy, made irruption into my room, the Lady Barbara had just succeeded in wringing from me an avowal which proclaimed his integrity and my shame. She was about to leave me, humbled and crushed in my pride, she herself pure and spotless as the lilies, unapproachable as the stars. That, my Lord Stour," concluded the great actor with the full resonance of his magnificent voice, "that is the truth. On your knees, man, on your knees!" The low-born mountebank has vindicated your honor, and righted the wrong you did to the most selfless and most loving woman that ever lived. Look into her eyes and sue for forgiveness, and may the thunderbolt of heaven kill you where you stand, if you dare again to wrong her in your thoughts!"

##### II

**M**R. BETTERTON had ceased speaking for some time; nevertheless, silence profound reigned in the dark, wainscoted room for many seconds after the final echo of that perfect voice had ceased to reverberate. Indeed, dear Mistress, I can assure you that though there were at least fifty persons present in the room, including those unknown to me who were swarming around the framework of the casements, you might have heard the proverbial pin drop just then. A tense expression rested on every face. Can you wonder that I scanned them all with the eagerness born of my love for the great artist who had thus besmirched his own fair name in order to vindicate that of his bitterest foe?

That I read condemnation of my friend in many a glance, I'll not deny, and this cut me to the quick.

True! Mr. Betterton's scheme of vengeance had been reprehensible if measured by the high standards of Christian forbearance. But remember how he had been wronged, not once but repeatedly; and even when I saw the frown on my Lord Roscommon's brow, the look of stern reproof in Sir Charles Sedley's face, there arose before mine eyes the vision of the great and sensitive artist, of the high-souled gentle-

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#### 17

man, staggering beneath the blows dealt by a band of hired ruffians at the bidding of this young coxcomb whose very existence was as naught in the eyes of the cultured world beside the genius of the inimitable Mr. Betterton.

I remained standing beside the open window, loath to close it as the air was peculiarly soft and refreshing. Below me, in the Park, the idle, chattering crowd had already dispersed. From far away, I still could hear the sweet, sad strains of the amorous song, and through the stillness of the evening, the words came to mine ear, wafted on the breeze:

"You are my faith, my hope, my all  
What e'er the future may unfold,  
No trial too great—no thing too small,  
Your whispered words shall make me bold  
To wile at last for your dear sake  
A worthy place in future's world."

I felt my soul enwrapt in a not unpleasant reverie; an exquisite peace seemed to have descended on my mind, lately so agitated by thoughts of my dear, dear friend.

Suddenly a stealthy sound behind me caused me to turn, and in truth I am not sure even now if what I saw was reality, or the creation of mine own dreams.

The Lady Barbara had softly and surreptitiously re-entered the room. She walked across it on tiptoe, her silken skirts making just the softest possible frou-frou as she walked. Her cloud-like veil wrapped her head entirely, concealing her fair hair and casting a grey shadow over her eyes. Mr. Betterton did not hear her, or if he did, he did not choose to look up. When her Ladyship was quite close to the desk, I noticed that she had a bunch of white roses in her hand such as are grown in the hothouses of rich noblemen.

For a few seconds she stood quite still. Then she raised the roses slowly to her lips, and laid them down, without a word, upon the desk.

After which, she glided out of the room as silently, as furtively, as she came.

#### IV

**A**ND thus, dear Mistress, have I come to the end of my long narrative. I swear to you by the living God that everything which I have herein related is the truth and nought but the truth.

There were many people present in Mr. Betterton's room during that memorable scene when he sacrificed his pride and his revenge in order to right the innocent. Amongst these witnesses there were some whom malice and envy would blind to the sublimity of so noble an act. Do not listen to them, honoured Mistress, but rather to the promptings of your own heart and to that unerring judgment of men and of events which is the attribute of good and pure women.

Mr. Betterton hath never forfeited your esteem by any act or thought. The infatuation which momentarily dulled his vision to all save to the beauty of the Lady Barbara, hath ceased to exist. Its course was ephemeral and hath gone without a trace of regret or bitterness in its wake. The eminent actor, the high-souled artist, whom all cultured Europe doth reverence and admire, stands as high to-day in that same world's estimation as he did before a young and arrogant coxcomb dared to measure his own worth against that of a man as infinitely above him as are the stars. But, dear Mistress, Mr. Betterton now is lonely and sad. He is like a man who hath been sick and weary, and is still groping after health and strength. Take pity on his loneliness, I do conjure you. Give him back the inestimable boon of your goodwill and of your friendship, which alone could restore to him that peace of mind so necessary for the furtherance of his art.

And if, during the course of my

*Continued on page 66*



# IN THE DAYS of ANARCHY

## A Canadian's Experiences in Roumania and Russia

By ETHEL GREENING PANTAZZI

DECORATIONS BY LOUIS KEENE

**T**HE remoteness of Roumania is really not as great as many people seem to think. Forty-eight hours in the Oriental Express from Paris takes one to Bucharest through some of the most beautiful and interesting scenery in Europe.

It is ten years ago that I went out there as the wife of a Roumanian naval officer. I was the first Canadian that the great majority of Roumanians had ever seen. To me, Roumania is a world in miniature. One finds every variety of scenery that it is possible to imagine, from high, snow-capped mountains to green marshes that stretch for miles on either side of the three mouths of the Danube. In the spring, in every neighborhood, are masses of roses bringing to memory tales of Persian Gardens. Later, in June, the linden trees are all in blossom; on the plains are immense fields of corn and wheat; in the foothills flocks of sheep are seen, and near Bucharest miles of oil derricks meet the view.

My first seven years were spent in Galatz, a port about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Danube. The origin of this city is lost in antiquity. Beyond it is a beautiful lake across from which one can see the borders of Russia. Facing Galatz, on the opposite bank of the Danube, are the distant blue foothills of the Balkans, those mountains of mystery. A short distance to the north rise precipitous cliffs, and the Cerat pours its blue waters into the muddy flood of the Danube. On these cliffs is perched a tiny church where lie the remains of Mazeppa, the hero of Byron's famous poem. Galatz should be especially interesting to Englishmen because it was the residence for several years of General Gordon of Khartoum. Every time I passed the house where he had lived in the quiet street of the brave Michael my heart beat faster to think that his feet had trodden the same path before me.

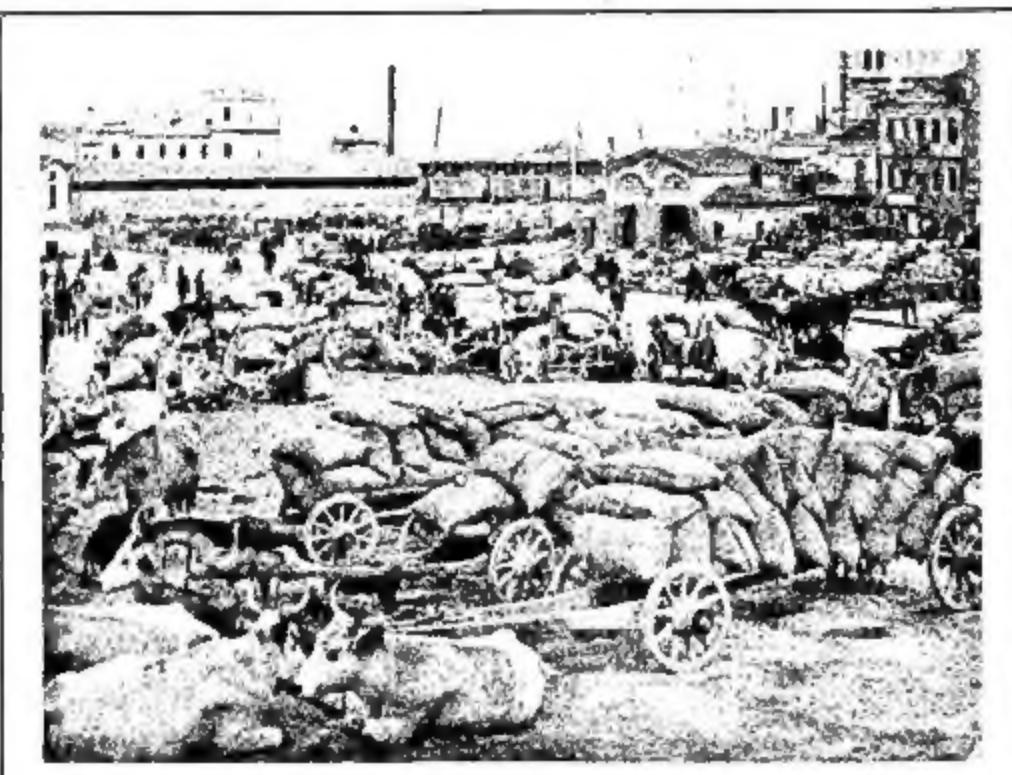
In 1914, when the war broke out, it was an intense and painful surprise to us all in Roumania. We hoped to the last moment that something would be arranged to avert the catastrophe. Our King at that time, Carol the First, a Hohenzollern of the Catholic branch of the family, had been for Roumania not only a king but an inspired leader, and for fifty years had steered Roumania's course until she was a prosperous and progressive country. His firm conviction was that Germany would win the war, and he used all his influence as well as that of his wife, Carmen Sylva, to keep Roumania neutral. To go into the war on the German side could not be seriously considered. The French influence in Roumania among the educated class is extremely strong and their sons for many generations have been brought up in Paris. The sympathy of the whole nation was with the Latin races as against the Teutons, for it is the proud boast of the Roumanians that they are the descendants of Trajan's legions of 1,800 years ago—a Latin island in a sea of Slavs. The only object of Roumania going into the war would be to regain the lost provinces of Transylvania and the Banat from the Austrians, and this was a great incentive to action.

The first two years of war seemed to prove that



Madame Pantazzi (formerly Miss Ethel Greening, of Toronto) and her two children.

King Carol's views were the correct ones, but the faith of the people in the Allies continued to grow. In the spring of 1916 a combination of circumstances destined my home to be in Bucharest and, being very closely in touch with the leading opinions of the day, I felt more and more confident that Roumania would finally enter into the war on the side of the Allies. The arrival of French and Russian Military Missions at the beginning of July 1916 confirmed that opinion. The obstacle in the way of Roumania joining the Allies was chiefly her former unfortunate experience with the Russians. After the war of 1877, when her heroic assistance to Russia had made it possible to



The market place at Odessa, which was the centre of Bolshevik activity.

free Bulgaria from the Turks, the rich province of Bessarabia had been torn from her by the Bear. Friends would say to me earnestly: "We love France and we wish to fight on her side, but France is far, England is far. We will be fighting with the Russians and we do not trust them!"

ly engaged in persuading the nurse and children that of course there was absolutely no danger and only a great deal of noise, eleven bombs were thrown and burst very near our house; this in the space of a few seconds.

The effect was like a triple earthquake; all the windows fell in; the glass broken in thousands of pieces. A few seconds later I heard an agonized voice crying: "My Mistress, where are you?" On my replying, it continued: "Do not move from where you are, for glass is coming down like rain in the corridors." It was the devoted orderly, who, on the first alarm, had descended into the cellar, where all the household had remained during the raid. On returning to my bedroom I was soon quite convinced that second thoughts were best on seeing that it was a confused mass.

Roumania Joins the Allies

A FEW minutes later I heard the newsboys crying in the street the extras announcing the entry of Roumania into the war against Germany and instructions as to measures to be taken in case of aeroplane raids. About nine o'clock we went out to stroll about the streets to see the demonstrations taking place. In the few hours since four till darkness all the street lamps had been painted dark blue so that one could hardly see to walk, but in the Calea Victoriei there were bands of University students before the Palace singing patriotic songs and the sidewalks were so thronged that carriages could not pass.

About midnight we heard the church bells ringing. This was the signal of alarm of an attack.

I thought it could not be possible that a Zeppelin should be there so quickly. On rising and pulling back the curtain we immediately heard a whistle from the street below. It was the warning from a policeman to put out the lights or draw the curtain. Five minutes later a tremendous explosion filled our house with dust and smoke; the first bomb had carried down a corner of the third house from our own. From then on for three months there were daily and almost nightly raids lasting from half an hour to two hours each time. The anti-aircraft guns being quite inadequate for their work the Germans soon learned they could bomb the town with impunity. In the first daylight raid four hundred people were killed and wounded.

### We Suffer From Bombing Raid

ONE morning about eight

o'clock I heard the usual alarm, but, being exceedingly tired from watching the night before during a Zeppelin raid, I was desirous of closing my eyes and forgetting that such things as aeroplanes existed. Second considerations made me rise,

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# CANADA Has a "MOVIE" FUTURE

## But Certain Restrictions Must First Be Removed

By ALLAN DWAN

NOTE.—Allan Dwan has become one of the most famous of motion picture directors, having produced many of the best pictures featuring Douglas Fairbanks, and also some Mary Pickford films. That he is a Toronto boy makes his work of special interest to Canadians. In the following article, in which he tells something of his remarkable career, Mr. Dwan deals in a practical way with the possibility of making Canada a prominent field in the profitable business of film production. He sees great possibilities but points out certain difficulties and restrictions that must be removed first. It is certain that, if the difficulties he enumerates were removed, the production of pictures would begin on a large scale in Canada.

HERE comes a time in the life of every man when he feels impelled to reminisce. And the germ has bitten me. I think the reason for the infection lies in the fact that I recently indulged in a lengthy discussion regarding my Canadian home-land and its motion picture possibilities, during which discussion I discovered several incidents which I thought would look well in print, but then, again, it may be that I am growing vain, and anxious to talk. We all of us pass through that stage, you know.

I suppose that it is not being immodest, or conceited, to start with my birth, and make use of the personal pronoun. I was born in Toronto, April 3rd, 1885. There was nothing particular about my family—we were just people—and I was the child of the household. I rather imagine that I was a fairly normal kid, for I liked all of the out-of-door sports, could make a great deal of noise, and had a more than normally healthy appetite. There was one point, I remember, that may have branded me as "odd" among my associates—I was always infatuated

ed with the theatre. I do not remember when I first saw a play, but while I never had many such opportunities, I knew a great deal of the stage. Yes, call it "stage-struck" if you wish. It really classifies my mental attitude.

And I wrote plays. I remember one written and produced when I was about seven. I learned that my companions did not particularly care for the work of rehearsing in my shows, so I played all of the parts myself. I was my own publicity agent, and incidentally the ticket collector. The admission was, I think, two marbles, marbles being my great need the forenoon of that particular performance. When the table cloth curtain was lifted I began my show, and I was playing all the parts. I went very well until one of the audience said that he did not think I talked like an actor, and the fight started. When my mother untangled us the show was over. Looking back on the incident it seems prophetic. Possibly I was born for the voiceless drama.

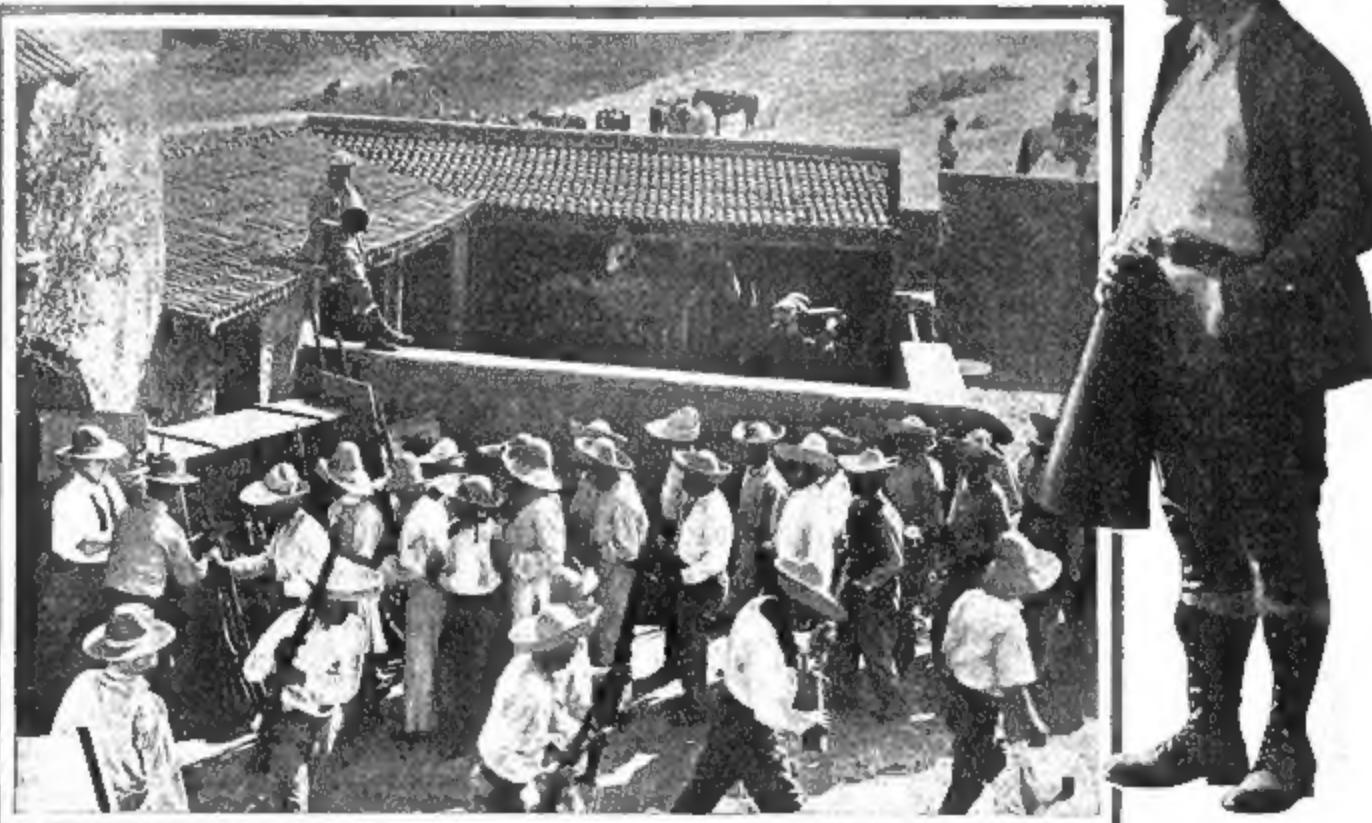
From that time on my ambitions were unlimited. I was the star "kid actor" of the school, and when my father's business interests demanded that he leave Toronto for Chicago, I carried my ambitions with me. Also I took them to college. As the family was in Chicago it was decided that Notre Dame was handy, and I went to that university to study electrical engineering, but I also managed to get in a course in English. When I finished they sent me to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston for post-graduate work. The family were certain that I had an engineering future. Poor family! If they had only known that my studies were always hurried, and my best thought dwelt

constantly on the theatres in Boston, or on the latest production of our Dramatic Society! I really did approach stardom in my college work, and I looked many times at the letter which offered me a position as professor in Mathematics and Physics in the engineering course in Notre Dame—looked at it because I wondered if I really wanted to be a teacher. In the end I went resolutely towards what I thought was duty.

Finally, we reached Passaic. No, the lady did not fall, but the manager did. He looked us over, and down came a heavy hand.



Allan Dwan, famous motion picture producer, who was born and raised in Canada.



Allan Dwan directing a Douglas Fairbanks picture—Indians, Mexicans, and all the usual props.

"It's rotten," he remarked, poetically. "rotten. You're closed."

"You mean that we are not going to act any more?" I questioned.

"I mean you never did act, any of you. You're rotten," and that was all there was to it.

By this time I was cured of pride. I went home on the family money.

### I Break Into the Movies

ODD, isn't it, how a little thing like a failure can cure a fellow temporarily? The day after I reached Chicago I went out for a job as an electrical engineer. The family breathed a sigh, for they had really spent considerable money in educating me. And they sighed a second time, as if it was a lost hope, when they learned that my position was to inspect the installation of an arc light system for the Essanay Motion Picture Studios in Chicago. I was right back in the theatrical game—only, horrors!—I was working for the motion pictures. Remember, this was in 1908, and pictures were quite taboo.

At the end of the first month's work I met a fellow named Tom Ricketts, who was a director of the studio.

"Say, your name's Dwan, isn't it?" he asked. "Have you ever acted?"

That was the end of the electrical career.

"I'm the best actor in the world," I assured him. And I am afraid that I believed it.

"All right—I'm looking for a fellow to play the heavy villain in a one-reel picture."

It was an awful blow, for I had seen the leading man strutting about the studio, and had pictured how I would look when strutting, but I did want to play, and what matter if I was a villain, or a scrub-woman.

Before I was engaged with this picture—and in those days, a one-reeler was as important as the five-reel production of to-day—I had a decidedly snobbish disregard for motion pictures. That first picture taught me a great deal regarding the film industry and its future. To begin with, I thought that they needed better stories. That was why I wrote one. I took it around to the office, and they gave me ten dollars for it. I went home, much elated, sat up all night writing the second film story, and sold it for twenty-five dollars.

When they sent me the cheque for the second story, they offered me a staff position in the scenario department.

All I had to do was to keep the directors busy by turning out sufficient stories.

The scenario department taught me a great deal. One of the things I learned was that very occasionally you could find an original manuscript—and buy it. Stories were submitted to us by the bushel basketful, and they were nearly all so bad, or such a flagrant steal from printed material, that we shipped them back after a hasty glance and it was true that most companies stole their stories at that time. However, I must say, in their defense, that their psychology was, "What wisdom is there in buying something that somebody else has stolen?"

The leading man and the leading lady used to do an acrobatic act earlier on the bill, by way of earning a few more dollars, and many a night when I needed the money I used to stand in the wings and watch them at work, wondering if she should fall, whether we would get our salary.

The always restless spirit of the motion picture industry, linked with the fact that capital was, and always has been, willing to gamble with the pictures, caused a break among the Essanay people, and when

part of the organization withdrew to form the American Film Company, I went with them.

### I Become a Director

MY first job was an errand to Tucson, Arizona, where I was to discover why one of the company's directors, located there, was not making more pictures. I discovered the company was in a high state of incompatibility; nobody spoke to anyone else, and consequently good work was an impossibility. I sent a wire to Chicago, telling them what I found. They told me to discharge the crowd, and not pay any car fares home. I thought this over, and it seemed like a pretty sneaky stunt, so, as I had the power, I drew a slight draft on the company, paid their fares back to Chicago, and was fired for my trouble. I was not exactly worried over the situation, for I wrote and sold scenarios with fair regularity. Then, one day, the American people wanted me back. They had a Californian producing unit which was not turning out pictures because the director said he could get no stories. I was sent to San Juan Capistrano. The director was a fit subject for a Prohibition lecture. John Barleycorn had beaten him to a pulp. He didn't resign, he just couldn't work, and the home office said they would send on another director. A week or ten days passed, and the order came through that as no one else was available I had to direct.

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ness, we always had a chance meeting outside the office building. If anyone died, they passed out on the front porch, or the back yard. Monday morning we would pile into automobiles, and make for the woods and hills back of San Diego. When we saw a nice cliff that we had not used the week before, we used it to push the villain off, if a flower garden attracted us, the leading lady was always discovered walking about the grounds.

This kept up for two years. The work progressed, and also my salary. I was raised from seventy-five a week to ninety. Kerrigan was getting the same sum, and my work had so impressed the home office that they actually consented to build a studio at Santa Barbara, and allowed 20 feet square for stage space.

By this time the moving picture industry was advancing with huge strides. The American Film Company was not progressive enough for me, so I went to the Universal, took my cast with me, and then after a year, to the Famous Players Company. Then came the hey-day of the Triangle Corporation, and I was engaged to put on pictures for Douglas Fairbanks.

### I Meet Doug. and Mary

WHEN I met Fairbanks, I knew I had pretty good material to work with. I have always been a believer in clean stories for the screen, decidedly of the impression that American audiences were fond of punch. Fairbanks seemed to me the type of fellow who would register rough stuff with a clean comedy vein. I had learned to do a little scrapping in college, as well as having done some wrestling and played football. I told Fairbanks that I thought I could teach him how to do the stunts which have since made him famous, and he was willing. He worked like a trooper, never cried quits. What happened, is history.

It was when I went to the Famous Players that I directed Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark. Miss Pickford was a girl from my home town, Toronto, and, while I could not teach her how to rough it, she quite agreed with me in several of my suggestions, and certainly our pictures "got across" with the public. Then, as more or less of a wind-up, came the opportunity to head my own producing company.

You see, I never have believed strongly in the star system. I have always had a great deal of faith in the motion pictures, and it seemed if I were ever to arrive, it would be necessary to give audiences good plays characterized by competent actors who fitted the parts assigned to them. Too many times I have seen stories distorted for the sake of a star, and when I found that my belief in what constituted a good picture was becoming general, I thought I had pretty well reached the ambition of my



Dwan and his company ready to make a start for the day.

that, announced that I was to have the free hand in the spending of nine hundred dollars a week, this amount to cover the entire cost of producing three one-reel pictures every week.

We used to make pictures Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Then the whole company would go down to Los Angeles, and loaf around the beaches until the next Monday. J. Warren Kerrigan was my leading man; Wallace Reid, Donald Crisp and Marshall Neilan were members of the company. And many a time we have laughed at the old-time stunts. We never rehearsed a motion picture, we never used an interior scene. If it was necessary to show a man doing busi-

ness, I chose Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" for my first picture, and they allowed me \$150,000 to make it. That is the way they do things in the motion pictures nowadays—some contrast to my \$900 for three pictures. But then, the whole industry is in sharp contrast. Two or three years ago a director would never dare to disclose human attributes in his leading characters. They were always strong and resolute, which was unnatural. All of us do weak and wrong things, even though we follow an ideal, and that is the way the screen—the mirror of the real world—should picture character.

Continued on page 75

# SPANISH DOUBLOONS

## By CAMILLA KENYON

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS ROGERS



**Doobloons**—Virginia Harding finds that her wealthy and irresponsible Aunt Jane is planning a party to go to Leeward Island, near Pernoma in search of treasure, the secret of which is known only to Miss Higgleby-Browne, an English woman of strong character. She sets out a party and not make the boat in time to go along. In the party she picks a handsome young Captain, named Shaw, and a scoundrel, Dugald Shaw, an expert by profession, who is to be the guide. They run to the Island and start the search. Miss Higgleby-Browne forces Virginia to sign a paper renouncing all claim to the treasure when it is recovered. Jane pretends, but the rest of the party give their consent. Virginia then starts to explore the island on her own account and she runs across alone where the men of the party have been searching and sees so long that she finds herself trapped by the tide and is rescued by Dugald Shaw. Later she finds in the cabin of a party submerged pocket the diary of a man who had been there before them and had located the treasure.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued

T

HE diary ended here.

I closed the book, and stared with quivering eyes into the green shadows of the encompassing woods. What happened in the writer of the diary on that last trip to the coast? For he had never left the island. Crusoe was here to prove it, as well as the wreck of the Island Queen. And in a human probability under the sand which choked the cabin of the derelict was the long sought chest of Spanish doobloons.

But what was the mysterious fate of Peter? Had he fallen overboard from the sloop and been drowned? Had he returned to the cave, and was he there still? It was a mystery, but a mystery which I learned to solve.

Of course I might have solved it very quickly, merely by commanding the extraordinary knowledge which had come to me in my companions. But for the present at least I meant to keep this astounding secret for my own. Somehow or other by guile or luck's circumstance I must bring it about that the document I had signed at Miss Browne's behest was canceled. Was I who all unaided had discovered or as good as discovered the vainly sought-for treasure, to disclose its whereabouts to those who would deny me the smallest claim upon its contents? Was I to see all those fair shining golden coins paraded out between Miss Browne and Mr. Tubbs, and Captain Magnus (the three who loomed large in my ignorant thoughts) and not possess a single one more? Or perhaps accept a little stingy present of a few? I really wasn't very covetous about the money taken in that money, but considered as buried treasure I made my mouth water.

Then suddenly while I kept my secret I had power, everybody's destiny was in my hands. This was a secret thought. I felt that I should enjoy going about with a deceptively meekness and taking the secret snubs from Miss Jane knowing that at any moment I could blossom forth into the most excited and thieving importance. Also, not only did I want a share in the treasure myself, but I wanted if possible to divide it up on a different basis from the present. I wanted Cuthbert Vane to have a lot of it—and I should have been much better pleased not

to let Mr. Tubbs or Captain Magnus have any. I did not crave to enrich Violet, and I thought Aunt Jane had already more money than was good for her. Give her another half million and Mr. Tubbs would certainly be bigamist, if necessary for her sake.

And then there was Dugald Shaw, who had saved my life, and who seemed to have forgotten it, and that I had ever had my arms about his neck—and who was poor—and brave—

Yes, decidedly I should keep my secret yet awhile, till I saw how the cards were going to fall.

### XIII

MY first and all but overpowering impulse was to possess myself of a spade and dash for the wreck of the Island Queen. Sober second thought restrained me. Merely to get there and back would consume much time for the descent of the cliff, and still more the climb up again, was a徒劳的 affair. Also, reflection showed me that to dig through the damp, close packed sand of the cabin would be no trifling task for I would be hampered by the need of throwing out the excavated sand behind me through the narrow companionway. I could achieve my end no doubt, by patient burrowing, but it would require much more time than I had at my command before the noon day sounding of Cooke's gong. I must not be seen departing or returning with a spade, but make off with the implement in a stealthy and belligerent manner. Above all, I must not risk betraying my secret through impatience.

But there was nothing to forbid an immediate pilgrimage to the much sought gravestone with its minister symbol. The account in Peter's diary of his adventure with the pig placed the grave with such exactness that I had no doubt of finding it easily. That done I would know very nearly where to look for the cave, and in order to bid defiance to a certain chill sense of reluctance which beset me at the thought of the cave I started out at once, skirting the clearing with much circumspection for it seemed to me that even the sight of my vanishing back must shout of mystery to Cooke droning hymns among his pots and pans. Cooke, of course, came with me, hopefully unconscious of his own strange relation to our quest.

Following in the steps of Peter, who seemed in an airy and uncomfortable fashion to be bearing me company I struck across the point, at the base of the rough slope which marks the first rise of the peak. As I neared the sea on the other side great crags began to overhang the path which was, of course, no path, but merely the line of least resistance through the woods. Soon the noise of the sea, of which one was never altogether free on the island, though it reached the recesses of the forest only as a vast nameless murmur broke in heightened clamor on my ears. I heard the waves roaring and dashing on rocks far below, and then I stood at the dizzy edge of the plateau looking out over the inimitable gleaming reaches of the sea.

SOMEWHERE in this angle between the ragged margin of the cliff and the abrupt rise of the craggy mountain-side according to Peter's journal lay the grave. I began systematically to probe with a stick. I carried into every low growing mass of vines or bushes. Because of the comparatively rocky sterile soil the woods were thinner here, and the undergrowth was greater. Only the very difficult localization of the grave by the accommodating diary gave any hope of finding it.

And then, quite suddenly I found it. My prodigious had discovered a matted mass of ground creeper beneath looking raw and naked without its easy covering was the "curious regular little patch of ground outlined at intervals with small stones." Parched-striken beetles scuttled for refuge. A great blue undulated painfully across his suddenly denuded pasture. A whole small world found itself hurried back to chaos.

At the head of the grave lay a large, smoothly rounded stone. I knelt and brushed away some obstinate vine-tendrils, and the letters "B. H." revealed

themselves, cut deeply and irregularly into the sloping face of the stone. Below was the half-intelligible symbol of the crossed bones.

There was something in the utter loneliness of the place that caught my breath sharply. At once I had the feeling of a murderer. Here slept the guardian of the treasure—and yet in defiance of him I meant to have it. So, too, had Peter—and I didn't know yet what he had managed to do to Peter—but I guessed from his journal that Peter had been a slightly morbid person. He had let the wild solitude of the island frighten him. He had indulged foolish fancies about crucifixion. He had in fact set the defenses of his will be undermined ever so little—and then of course there was no telling what they could do to you.

With an impatient shiver I got up quickly from my knees. What abominable nonsense I had been talking—was there a meaning about that old grave that affected me? I whistled to Crusoe, who was trotting bumbly about on mysterious intelligence conveyed to him by his nose. He ran to me joyfully and close packed sand of the cabin would be no trifling task for I would be hampered by the need of throwing out the excavated sand behind me through the narrow companionway. I could achieve my end no doubt, by patient burrowing, but it would require much more time than I had at my command before the noon day sounding of Cooke's gong. I must not be seen departing or returning with a spade, but make off with the implement in a stealthy and belligerent manner. Above all, I must not risk betraying my secret through impatience.

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AN angle in the rock—a low, dark entrance-way—it was all as Peter had described. I peered in—nothing but impenetrable blackness. I took a hesitating step. The passage veered sharply, as the diary had recorded. Once around the corner there would be nothing but darkness anywhere. One would go stumbling on, feeling with feet and hands—hands cold with the dread of what they might be going to touch. For suddenly portentous and overwhelming, there rose before me the unanswered question of what had become of Peter on the last visit to the cave. Unanswered—and unanswerable except in one way, by going in to see.

But if by any strange chance—where all chances were strange—he were still there, I did not want to see. I did not like to contemplate his possible neighborhood. Indeed, he grew enormously more real to me with every instant I stood there, and whereas I had as far thought principally about the treasure, I now began to think with intensity of Peter. What ironic stroke of fate had cut him down in the very moment of his triumph? Had he ever reached the cave to bring away the last of the doobloons? Were they still waiting there unclaimed? Had he fallen victim to some extraordinary mishap on the way back to the Island Queen? Had a storm come up on that last night, and the weakened cable parted and the Island Queen gone on the rocks, drowning Peter in the cabin with his gold? Then how had Crusoe got away? Crusoe, who feared the waves so, and would bark at them and turn tail and run?

Speaking of Crusoe, where was he? I realized

that a moment ago he had plunged into the passage. I heard the patter of his feet—a pause. A queer, dim, little whine echoed along the passage. I heard Crusoe returning—but before his nose appeared around the angle of the tunnel, his master had reached the top of the cliff at a bound and was vanishing at a brisk pace into the woods.

With bitterness, as I pursued my way to camp, I realized that I was not a heroine. Here was a mystery—it was the business of a heroine to solve it. Now that I was safely away from the cave, I began to feel the itch of a torturing curiosity. How without going into the terrifying place alone, should I find out what was there? Should I pretend to have accidentally discovered the grave, lead the party to it, and then, again accidentally, discover the tunnel? This plan had its merits—but I discarded it, for fear that something would be found in the cave to direct attention to the Island Queen. Then I reflected that very likely the explorers would work round the island far enough to find the sea mouth of the cave. This would take matters entirely out of my hands. I would perhaps be enlightened as to the fate of Peter and the last remaining bags of doobloons, but might also have to share the secret of the derelict with the rest. And then all my dreams of playing fairy god-mother and showering down on certain heads the rays of fire—torrents of beautiful golden doobloons, would be over.

On the whole I could not tell whether I burned with impatience to have the cave discovered, or was cold with the fear of it.

And then no vigorous is the instinct to see one's self in heroic postures. I found I was trying to cheat myself with the pretense that I meant presently to abstract Aunt Jane's electric torch and returning to the tunnel—smoothly plunged in dauntlessly.

### XIV

I HAD determined as an effort to my penitence to think about. I had to find the entrance to the cave, and then go into it or part with my own secret forever. I went and peered over the cliff. I had an unacknowledged hope that the shelf of which Peter had written had been rent off by some cataclysm and that I could not possibly get down to the doorway in the rock. My hope was vain. The ledge was there—not an inviting ledge, nor one on which the unscrupulously inclined would have any impulse to saunter, but a perfectly good ledge, on which I had not the slightest excuse for desiring to venture. Seventy feet below I saw a narrow strip of sand, from which the tide was receding. It ran along under the great precipice which rose on my right, forming the face of the mountain on the south side. On that strip of sand the old hiding-place of the pirates opened. I thought I saw the great overhanging eaves of rock of which the diary had spoken.

There was truly nothing dangerous about the ledge. It was nearly three feet wide, and had an easy downward trend. Yet you heard the hungry roar of the surf below, and try as you would not to, caught glimpses of the white swirl of it. I moved cautiously, keeping close to the face of the cliff. Crusoe, to my annoyance, sprang down upon the ledge after me. I had a feeling that he must certainly trip me.

Later the warning of Cooke was heard in the land, and I had to restore the spoon to free Crusoe of the charge of having stolen it. I said I had wanted it to dig with. But of course it occurred to no one that it was the treasure I had expected to dig up with Cooke's spoon. It was touching to see the unversal faith in the trivial nature of my employment, to know that everyone imagined themselves to be seriously occupied while I was merely a girl—there is no common denominator for the qualifying adjective—who roamed about idly with a dog and no one dreamed that we had thus come to be potentially among the richest dogs and girls in those latitudes.

A more serious obstacle to my explorations on the Island Queen presented itself next day. Instead of putting to sea, Mr. Shaw and Captain Magnus had set the boat up on the beach and set to work to repair it. The wild work of exploring the coast had left the boat with leaky seams and a damaged gunwale. The preceding day had been filled with hardship and danger, so much so that my heart sank a little at the recollection of it. You saw the little boat threading its way among the reefs tossed like seaweed by the white teeth of gnawing waves, screamed at by angry gods whose homes were those clefts and caves which the boat invaded. And all this, poor little boat, on a hope as faint—for no reward but peril and wounds. Captain Magnus had a bruised and bleeding wrist but refused to have it dressed, vaunting his hardihood with a savage pride. Cuthbert Vane, however, had a sprained thumb which could not be ignored, and on the strength of which he was dismissed from the boat-repairing contingent, and thrown on my hands to entertain. So of course I had to renounce all thoughts of visiting the sleep. I should not have dared to go there anyway with Mr. Shaw and the captain able more or less to overlook my motions from

## MacLean's Magazine

the beach, for I was quite morbidly afraid of attracting attention to the derelict. It seemed to me a happy miracle that no one but myself had taken any interest in her, or been inspired to ask by what chance or small a boat had come to be wrecked upon these desolate shores. Fortunately in her position in the shadow of the cliff she was inconspicuous so that she might easily have been taken for the half of a large boat instead of the whole of a small one, or the must before this have drawn the question as to the identity of the Scotchman. As to the captain his attention was still set on the effort to discover the cave and his intelligence was not lively enough to start on an entirely new tack by itself. And the Honorable Cuthbert viewed derelicts as he viewed the planetary bodies, somehow in the course of nature they happened.

With bitterness, as I pursued my way to camp, I realized that I was not a heroine. Here was a mystery—it was the business of a heroine to solve it. Now that I was safely away from the cave, I began to feel the itch of a torturing curiosity. How without going into the terrifying place alone, should I find out what was there? Should I pretend to have accidentally discovered the grave, lead the party to it, and then, again accidentally, discover the tunnel? This plan had its merits—but I discarded it, for fear that something would be found in the cave to direct attention to the Island Queen. Then I reflected that very likely the explorers would work round the island far enough to find the sea mouth of the cave. This would take matters entirely out of my hands. I would perhaps be enlightened as to the fate of Peter and the last remaining bags of doobloons, but might also have to share the secret of the derelict with the rest. And then all my dreams of playing fairy god-mother and showering down on certain heads the rays of fire—torrents of beautiful golden doobloons, would be over.

On the whole I could not tell whether I burned with impatience to have the cave discovered, or was cold with the fear of it.

So, dismabiling my instruments and anastasia, I swung placidly in my hammock and lay by sat the beautiful youth with his thumb carried tenderly in a bandage. In my preoccupied state of mind, to entertain him might have seemed by no means an idle pastime if he hadn't unexpectedly developed a talkative streak himself. Was it merely my being so distract, or was it quite another reason that led him to open up so suddenly about his Kentish home? Strange to say instead of panting for the time Cuthbert wanted his brother to go on living, though there was something queer about his spine poor fellow and the doctors said he couldn't possibly. Of course I was surprised at Cuthbert's views, for I had always thought that if there were a tittle in your family your sentiments toward those who kept you out of it were necessarily murderous, and your tears crooked in when you pretended to weep over the t' here. But Cuthbert's feelings were so human that I mentally apologized to the nobility. As to High Stanton Manor I adored it. It is mighty Jacobean but with such a business—that old H. H. Consequence in, he leaves the other fellers have the brass band, while he acts not on the q. t. to run a certain little club to earth. And ladies and gentlemen, he's run it!"

"Friends," he began, "it has been known from the start that there was a landmark on this the old island that would give any party discovering the same a line on that chest of money right away. There's been some that was too high up in the exploring business to waste time looking for landmarks. They had rather do more fancy stunts, where what with surf and sharks and bangs up the boat, they could make a good show of gettin' busy. But old Ham Tubbs, he don't seem to be a hero. Just a plain man's business—that old H. H. Consequence in, he leaves the other fellers have the brass band, while he acts not on the q. t. to run a certain little club to earth. And ladies and gentlemen, he's run it!"

"You have found—you have found the treasure!" cried Aunt Jane.

Contrary to his bland custom, Mr. Tubbs frowned at her darkly.

"I said I found the place," he corrected. "Of course, it's the same thing. Ladies and gentlemen, not to appear to be a hot-air artist, I will tell you in a word that I have located the tombstone of one William H. Howell, deceased."

Of course. Not once had I thought of it. Bare, stark glaring up at the sun lay the stone carved with the letters and the cross-bones. Forgetting in the haste of my departure to replace the vines upon the grave I had left the stone to shout its secret to the first comer. And that had happened to be Mr. Tubbs. Happened, I say for I knew that he had not the slightest notion where to look for the grave of B. H. Howell. This running to earth of course was purely an affair of his own pictur-esque imagination.

I wondered unceasly what he had made of the uprooted vines—but he would lay them to the pigs, no doubt. In the countenance of Mr. Tubbs, flushed and exultant, there was no suspicion that the secret was not all his own.

Miss Higgleby-Browne had been settling her helmet more firmly upon her wavy locks. She had a round umbrella beneath her arm and she drew and brandished it like a sabre as she took a long stride forward.

"Mr. Tubbs," she demanded, "lead on!"

But Mr. Tubbs did not lead on. He stood quite still, regarding Miss Browne with a smile of infinite slyness.

"Oh no indeed!" he said. "Old H. H. wasn't born yesterday. It may have struck you that to possess the sole and exclusive knowledge of the whereabouts of a million or two, earn it low, is some considerable of an asset. And it's one I ain't got the least idea of partin' with unless for inducements he'd out."

Aunt Jane gave a faint smile. I had been silently debating what my own course should be in the face of this unexpected development. Suddenly I saw my way quite clear. I would say nothing to him. Cuthbert should reveal his own perfidy. And the curse would ring down upon the play leaving Mr. Tubbs foisted all around bereft both of the treasure and of Aunt Jane. Oh how I would enjoy the farce as it was played by the unconscious actors! How I would step in at the end to reward virtue and punish guilt! And how I would point the moral, later very gently to Aunt Jane, as Aunt Jane all penitence and dolefully.

Little I dreamed what surprise awaiting Cooke

hurrying from the hut. Among us all stood Mr. Tubbs with folded arms, looking round upon the company with an extraordinary air of compunction and triumph.

"What is it, eh, what is it, Mr. Tubbs?" cried Aunt Jane, fluttering with the consciousness of her pre-priestly p.

"But Mr. Tubbs glanced at her as indifferently as a stately turkey-buzzard at a mouse, which has ceased to tempt him.

"Mr. Tubbs," commanded Violet, "speak—explain yourself!"

"Come, out with it, Tubbs," advised Mr. Shaw.

Then the lips of Mr. Tubbs parted, and from them issued this solitary word.

"Burka!"

"Burka!" screamed Miss Higgleby-Browne. "You have found it!"

Slowly Mr. Tubbs inclined his head.

"Burka!" he repeated. "I have found it!"

AMIDST the exclamations, the expletions, the general commotion which ensued, I had room for only one thought—that Mr. Tubbs had somehow discovered the treasure in the cabin of the Island Queen. Indeed, I should have shrieked the words aloud, but for a providential dumbness that fell upon me. Meanwhile Mr. Tubbs had unfolded his arms from their napkin-like posture on his bosom long enough to wave his hand for silence.

"Friends," he began, "it has been known from the start that there was a landmark on this the old island that would give any party discovering the

the play were to hold for me, or of their astounding contrast with the force of my joyous imagination.

I took no part in the storm that raged round Mr. Tubbs. It is said that in the heart of the tempest there is calm, and the great truth of natural philosophy Mr. Tubbs exemplified. His face adorned by a seraphic beauty smile he stood unmoved, while Miss Higgleby Browne uttered cyclonic exhortations and reproofs, while Aunt Jane sobbed and said: "Oh Mr. Tubbs" while Mr. Shaw strove to make himself heard above the din. He did at least succeed in extracting from the traitor a definite statement of terms. There were nothing less than fifty per cent of the treasure secured to him by a document signed sealed and delivered into his own hands. To a suggestion that as he had discovered the all-important tombstone so might someone else, he replied with tranquillity that he thought not as he had taken precautions against such an eventuality. In other words, as I was later to discover the wily Mr. Tubbs had contrived to raise the boulder from its bed and push it over the cliff into the sea, afterwards replacing the mass of vines upon the grave.

As to the entrance to the tunnel, it was apparent to me that Mr. Tubbs had not yet discovered it. Even if he had I am certain that he would have been no more heroic than myself about exploring it, though there was no missing Peter to haunt his imagination. But with the grave as a starting point there could be no question as to the ultimate discovery of the cave.

I was so eager myself to see the inside of the cave, and to know whatever it had to reveal of the fate of Peter, that I was inclined to wish Mr. Tubbs success in driving his hard bargain, especially as it would profit him nothing in the end. But this sentiment was exclusively my own. On all hands indignation greeted the rigorous demands of Mr. Tubbs. With a righteous joy, I saw the fabric of Aunt Jane's illusions shaken by the rude blast of reality. Would it be given qu to in twain? I was dubious for Aunt Jane's illusions have a toughness in striking contrast to the uncertain nature of her ideas in general. Darker and darker discourses of Mr. Tubbs' perfidy would be required. But judging from his present recklessness, they would be forthcoming. For where was the Tubbs of yesterday, the honey tongued, the suave, the anxiously querulous Tubbs? Gone quite gone. Instead, here was a Tubbs who cocked his helmet rakishly and leered round upon the company, deaf to the claims of loyalty, the press of friendship, the voice of *timidus*—Aunt Jane's.

**MANFULLY** Miss Higgleby-Browne stormed up and down the beach. The demand of Mr. Shaw, of Cuthbert Vane, of Captain Magnus, each and severally, that Mr. Tubbs be compelled to divulge his secret. You saw that she would not have shrank from a regimen of racks and thumbcrews. But there were no racks or thumbcrews on the island. Of course we could have invented various instruments of torture—I felt I could have developed some ingenuity that way myself—but too fatally well. Mr. Tubbs knew the civilized prejudices of those with whom he had to deal. With perfect impunity he could strut about the camp, were that no weapons worse than words would be brought to bear that he would not even be turned away from the general board to hovee on coconuts in solitude.



He was informed by a sensible, bony smile, Mr. Tubbs stood unmoved.

Long ago Mr. Shaw had left the field to Violent and with a curt shrug had turned his back and stood looking out over the cove, stroking his chin reflectively. Miss Browne's eloquence had risen to amazing heights, and she already had Mr. Tubbs inextricably mixed with Ananias and Sapphire, when the Scotchman broke in upon her ruthlessness.

"Friends" he said, "so far as I can see we have been put a good bit ahead by this morning's work. First, we know that the grave which should be our landmark has not been entirely obliterated by the jungle as I had thought most likely. Second, we know that it is on this side of the island, for the reason that this chap Tubbs hasn't nerve to go much beyond shooting distance by himself. Third, as Tubbs has tried this hold-up business I believe we should consider the agreement by which he was to receive a sixteenth share gold and rods and decide here and now that he gets nothing whatever. Fourth, the boat is now pretty well to rights, and as soon as we have a snack Bert and Magnus and I will set out, in twice as good heart as before having had the story that brought us here confirmed for the first time. So Tubbs and his tombstone can go to thunder."

"I can, can I?" cried Mr. Tubbs. "Say, are you a human iceberg to talk that cool before a man's own face?" Say "Hi—"

But Cuthbert Vane broke in.

"Three rousing cheers, old boy!" he cried to the Scotchman enthusiastically. "Always did think the chap a frightful boulder don't you know? We'll stand by old Shaw, won't we, Magnus?" Which comradely outbreak showed the excess of the beautiful youth's emotions, for usually he turned a large cold shoulder on the captain, though managing in some mysterious manner to be perfectly civil all the time. Perhaps you have to be born at Hugh Staunton Manor or its equivalent to possess the art of re-creating people in immense distances without seeming to admiring even the gentlest shore.

But unfortunately the effect of the Honorable Cuthbert's cordiality was lost, so far as the object of it was

concerned because of the surprising fact, only now remarked by any one, that Captain Magnus had disappeared.

**THIS** evanescence of Captain Magnus, though quite unlooked for at no critical a moment, was too much in keeping with his eccentric and unusual ways to arouse much comment. Everybody looked about with mild ejaculations of surprise, and then forgot about the matter.

Whistling a Scotch tune Dugald Shaw set to work again on the boat. In the face of difficulty or opposition he always grew more brisk and cheerful. I used to wonder whether in the event of a tornado he would not swim into positive genuinity. Perhaps it would not have needed a tornado, if I had not begun by suspecting him of conspiring against Aunt Jane's pocket, or if the Triumvirate, inspired by Mr. Tubbs, had not sat in gloomy judgment on his every movement. Or if he hadn't been reproached so for saving me from the cave, instead of leaving it to Cuthbert Vane—

But now under the stimulus of speaking his mind about Mr. Tubbs the Scotchman whistled as he worked, and slapped the noble youth affectionately on the back when he came and got in the way with anxious industry.

As I wanted to observe developments—a very necessary thing when you are playing Providence—I chose a central position in the shade and pulled out some very smoky tattling, a sort of Penelope's web which there was no prospect of my ever completing, but which served admirably to give me an appearance of occupation at critical moments.

Mr. Tubbs also had sought a shady spot and was fanning himself with his hat. From time to time he hummed, in a manner determinedly gay. However he might disguise it to himself, this time Mr. Tubbs had overthrown his mask. In the first thrill of his great discovery he had thought the game was in his hands. He had looked for an instant of triumph.

The truth was, since our arrival on the island Mr. Tubbs had felt himself

Continued on page 71

# FLAHERTY of BELCHER ISLAND

## The Story of a Remarkable Discovery in Hudson's Bay

By J. L. RUTLEDGE

IT WAS in August, 1910. A young man and a man of more elderly appearance stood together discussing the possibilities of the commercial use of the Hudson Bay passage. Could it be used? Was it worth the venture? For centuries men have been asking the question, and it is still unanswered, still an all absorbing interest.

It was of interest to one of these men as a factor in his far-reaching schemes of a transcontinental railway, and to the other, as an adventure, an experience, an added knowledge—the knowledge of an outpost of empire he had never seen.

The young man was to be the emissary of the older to visit the Nastapoka Islands, outliers of the east coast of the Hudson Bay. He was to investigate their iron ore deposits, and to discover whether their mineral wealth was sufficiently great to give an added incentive to the Hudson Bay route project. He went with a roving commission. "Go and find out."

The older man was Sir William Mackenzie, the younger Robert J. Flaherty, Bob Flaherty of Belcher Island.

Bob Flaherty was a little beyond his twenty-first year when Sir William Mackenzie called on him to "go and find out." A young blue-eyed giant of a man, standing six feet in height with a breadth of body in proportion, and a frame that no hardship could tire. A man of flaming anger, and quick forgiveness, of impulses and of quick and lasting friendships. A man to deal justly to drive hard, and to bear a full share of the load, to gain and hold an unquestioning confidence. In his outward appearance he had the look of a young Viking and in his heart that same strange mixture of unswerving courage and insatiable curiosity, that drove those voyagers out on uncharted seas. He went to find out the truth of a rumor he had heard, just as another Viking a thousand years ago had followed a rumor to find a continent.

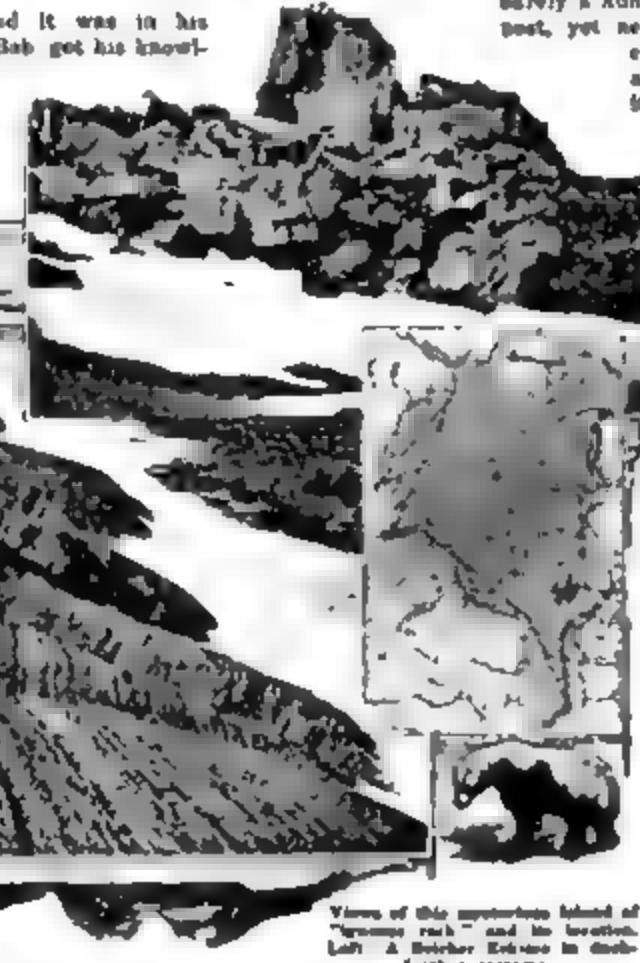
### A Word as to Bob Flaherty

TO go and find out. It was a job after his own heart. Scarcely more than a boy he had already spent a number of years in some of the almost inaccessible places of Canada and he knew the life. Sir William was not one to put an untried man to gain information on which he depended for the correctness of his judgments. He knew Flaherty and he knew his record, for even at twenty-one—when the average boy is just barely beginning to cut his wisdom teeth—Flaherty had a record, a record for that very thing, of "going and finding out."

Bob Flaherty had none of the ball marks of a genius. He scraped through Upper Canada College, but it was a close scrape, without much of promise about it. Then he went to the Houghton School of Mines at Houghton, Michigan. Barring one thing his showing there was no more brilliant. His record was dotted with stars like a constellation, but when it came to geology and things pertaining thereto, Flaherty was on his own ground, the ground he loved. Put a piece of rock in front of him and he could tell in a flash all about it. He had an uncanny instinct for mineral rock. That was his gift, the gift that destined him for a wanderer and an adventurer from his birth.

He came by this knowledge honestly. His father, S. B. Flaherty, is a well-known mining engineer, who spent the bulk of his life in the mineral lands of

Northern Ontario, and it was in his company that Young Bob got his knowledge of minerals and his love of the open and unford wilderness. His first two years out of



View of this mysterious island of "Gymnasium rock" and its location. Left: A Belcher Eskimo in his familiar costume.

school in his early teens he spent in coasting up and down the unfamiliar Northern Pacific coast of Canada. Later he became associated with his father in serving the United States Steel Corporation in exploratory work in the far northern ports of Ontario.

### Flaherty Starts Out

IT WAS there that Sir William Mackenzie found him when he was searching for a man whom he could trust to go and see and find out.

"Go and see," he said and Bob Flaherty without any fuss or hurry picked up his hat and went, and went alone back from the railway crossing the barren lands of Northern Ontario. He followed the course of the Mattagami and Moose River till he came to Moose Factory, one of the small Hudson Bay Company posts on the Hudson Bay, and from there, in a borrowed Hudson Bay company sailing craft, across the bay of James Bay to Fort George on the east coast. There the early winter set in and gathering ice prevented further progress by that means. He had to wait till the ice had set firmly enough to permit progress by dog sled. Relaying his dog teams at Cape Jones, the north-eastern extremity of James Bay he pushed on to Great Whale River the most northerly post of the Hudson Bay Company, and from there on for another 150 miles beyond this uttermost outpost of civilization to the Nastapokas, eight hundred miles from the railroad.

As far as the Nastapokas were concerned the trip was a failure. Careful examination of the main ore deposits showed that they could be of no commercial value at the present time, and the long backward journey was commenced.

### He Learns of a Mysterious Island

IT WAS a series of long arduous toilsome days, days of heavy work in which Flaherty took his full share, and it is said of him that no man living could pack a heavier load. It was on this long backward trail that Nero, Flaherty's driver and one of the two natives on the coast who could speak English, chanced to mention some large islands to the seaward of the Nastapokas. Flaherty was familiar with the Admiralty charts, and knew that they gave no indication of islands of such extent. He knew also that

the Dominion Government surveys showed nothing of the kind. But the idea stuck in his mind. The thought of a great island barely a hundred miles from a Hudson Bay post, yet never seen by any white man's eye, had all the glamor of adventure about it. Thinking it over he remembered a rough map drawn on the reverse side of an old missionary lithograph. It had been shown him by a servant of the Hudson Bay Company at Charlton Island. This man, Watson, by name, had fifteen years before come from the eastern shore and the map was supposed to represent the island where he had formerly hunted. Islands that, judging by point to point reckoning in terms of travel time

for dog teams, could scarcely be less than 100 miles long. There was certainly no such island recognized in the Admiralty Charts, yet this rough map showed a striking resemblance to the rumor passed on by Nero. It was a coincidence he couldn't forget.

When originally seen, Flaherty had looked at this rough map only as a curiosity for he questioned the truthfulness of the story and doubted that an island of such size could remain unknown for so long.

considering the fact that the inhabitants of these islands, actually marked on the charts, came yearly to the mainland across the ice. Surely if such an extent of land existed it would have been discovered long ago. But if the map were true, and had any connection with Nero's story then there was also the possibility that this great stretch of land might be of the same rock formation as the Nastapokas, which were similar to the valuable ore ridges of Northern Ontario, and if there were such an island, it might well be that the ore streak might appear there also as in the Nastapokas, but in a finer grade. It was an enticing possibility.

The officials of the Hudson Bay Company were frankly unbelieving but the idea had taken hold of Flaherty's imagination and he was convinced that there was such an island. It was too late in the season for any attempt to investigate, so Flaherty returned to tell Sir William that the Nastapokas were a negligible quantity as far as the value of their ore were concerned. Then having finished his report he told of Nero's remarks, of Nero, took a map and of his own unswerving, unbated confidence.

"All right," said Sir William, catching some of the enthusiasm that burned in the other's eyes. "If you think so, go and find out."

And again money was forthcoming to make the march possible.

AGAIN Flaherty followed the route by Moose Factory, where they secured a thirty foot sailing craft, which proved unsatisfactory arriving at Great Whale River on the east shore of James Bay, just too late in the season. Flaherty wintered at Fort George, and waited with what patience he might for eight months for a chance to cross over the sea ice from Great Whale River. Just as he was about to start with two Eskimos a heavy gale broke out, tearing the field ice to pieces and making crossing an impossibility. That meant no further chance of reaching the islands till the coming open season.

Nothing daunted Flaherty decided to follow up his

theory as to the tendency of the ore bearing rock. He struck across the Ungava Peninsula from Great Whale River to Ft. Chimo, up the shores of Ungava Bay to the Payne River and back by the Povungnituk River to Huvuun Bay crossing land never before trod by the feet of white man. Once again his discoveries were of a negative rather than positive value. He found that the ore deposits, such as they were, were valueless and arrived back at Great Whale River only again to find that it was too late for the crossing.

He returned again to civilization and once more reported to Sir William Mackenzie the results of his journey and the difficulties to be met in reaching the islands but again he stated his unshaken faith. Over two years in the wilds, and the blond young giant was still hankering for more. It caught the interest of Sir William at heart also a great adventurer. The expeditions had not been without cost to Sir William and certainly they had brought him no gain, brought gain to neither in fact. However the faith and persistence of young Flaherty was faced with a similar faith and persistence on the part of the railroad magnate. He thought for a minute.

"Get a ship" he said and once more young Flaherty was off for the unknown Belcher Islands this time by way of Newfoundland.

#### The Expedition Starts

HE purchased the topsail schooner *Laddie* of Capt. Sam Bartlett the Arctic navigator, and with Captain H. Bartlett in command and for the first time at the head of an expedition of white men, Flaherty was once more on his way. It was late however before they could get started and the winter caught them before they could make their way into the Hudson Bay so they were compelled to winter at Amadjuak Bay on the north east coast of Baffin's Bay where Flaherty and one or two companions remained for the winter, while the schooner returned to Newfoundland to be re-provisioned. They were just nearing the point of privation when the *Laddie* came in sight and on the 23rd of August 1915 they set sail for those isles of mystery the Belchers.

Steering a course at random was a dangerous and difficult task. Indeed they nearly came to grief on the outskirts of the very island of their search. For in the nightime their ship ran aground. Fortunately the sturdy hull held together and with the daylight they discovered that it would be possible to release the ship. Going ashore to the small stand to try and replenish their water casks the sailors from a slight elevation saw a great stretch of land. They judged that it must be at least 60 miles in length while the charts of the region showed no land anywhere. Here then was Flaherty's faith justified, for this must be Belcher Island. A closer view showed the land stretching in to a horizon 20 miles away and running north and south as far as the eye could reach an almost unbroken desolation. The fact of the island's existence had been proven, but they could do little more owing to the unseaworthy condition of the ship, so they decided to make for Moose Factory and lay up for the winter.

Flaherty came back to his own in September of 1915 and from then on for over a year he never left the island. He had with him two other white men. One man who knew him well said of him "He had courage for it took courage to go there and stick." Belcher Island had little to command itself, a barren waste of rocks 91 miles long by 47 miles wide cut up into great estuaries and divided by lakes one of them alone being 41 miles long. Not a tree grew on the island, and little of any vegetation save lichens and mosses save that in the spring of the year the barren rocks were bright with anemones, and the waving plumes of wild cotton. With the exception of some wild berries, the most important of which was the cranberry, no edible thing grew on the island. It was a wilderness of granite and ore-bearing shale that in places was forced up into great barriers by the action of the frost. On the barren waste a summer blazed a blinding sun, made nearly unendurable by the almost continuous day light, and over it rained water that for days in succession made work impossible while the waters swept through the passages and along the

WHALE Flaherty and his companions roamed about the barren waste learning more each day of its extent, back in Ottawa they were frankly unbelieving. It was a matter for facetious comment, in which Flaherty's father was sometimes the butt.

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"Nothing about any island of that size in our records either. Must be seeing things."

The elder Flaherty snorted. "Twenty fathoms?" he said "and the boy says there's an island there as big as three counties. Well, to a nice chart, a very nice chart, and I'm sorry about the records and all that, but when the boy says there is an island there I'm ready for one to believe it."

The elder Flaherty was ready

shores like a mirage. In the winter that began early and ended late, there was the unending bitter cold not so cold as the mainland, however, the mean temperature for the month of February being -19°. Such was Flaherty's kingdom in the year 1915. A kingdom as barren as any ever known on earth. In the cold months of winter their stores of firewood, laboriously brought from the mainland, became exhausted and the little steamer *Laddie* had to be used for fuel, its masts, decks and housings, everything that would burn had to be used and in their future explorations the adventurers had to use the little sloop that they had used in the earlier attempts to reach the island.

#### A Queer Race of People

IN THE work of exploring the island and the search for iron ore Flaherty gathered the Eskimos about him, and found them good assistants. Because he knew not fear told them the truth and kept his covenants. They loved him and gave him a devotion that never wavered. These Eskimos were different from other people of the North.

Over the stretch of 5,000 square miles of desolation there were some 25 families about 125 people in all who supported themselves by hunting the foxes whose pelts they sold for odds and ends of flinty and rough tools in their annual trip across the ice to the trading post on the mainland. They were simple people and yet quick to learn. They quickly caught the trick of scratching the rock for the red streak showing the presence of hematite, and many of the ore finds were due to their efforts. They could fashion wonderful tools out of the iron hoop of a barrel, and the infrequent find of a barrel with iron hoops was like Providence dropping a fortune on an indigent man.

The women were seamstresses of wonderful ability. They tanned the walrus hides for boots by the simple process of squeezing the skin in their hands and finally chewing it, a little at a time to remove the fat. Hides so tanned and sewed by hand proved absolutely impervious to water. They showed an adaptability too in their method of dress. The native winter dress of the Eskimo is naturally of caribou skin but for some reason, though caribou were once plentiful on Belcher Island they have long since disappeared. There were rumors of frozen lakes and famine that prompted the herds and hints of a great migration—whatever the cause there were no skins for clothing, so the natives making the best of the situation had used that which was most plentiful and most readily obtained—the skin of the eider duck. Worn with the feathers inside it makes a wonderfully warm costume but to the nose of the white man at least, a thing of horror. Yet such was the national costume of Flaherty's kingdom, a costume found nowhere else among the tribes of Eskimos.

#### Unbowed at Ottawa

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to believe it, and ready to prove it to the world, and when he and Dr. E. S. Moore went up later to make a thorough test of the quality of the ore, they took with them W. H. Howard, a Dominion Land Surveyor who settled the matter definitely for all time—as the boy had said.

#### The Honesty of the Eskimos

THE only white man the Eskimos of the island had ever seen was the factor of the Hudson Bay Company at Great Whale River, and only the hunters had seen him and then only at long intervals, yet they worked gladly for the young explorer on the strength of his word, and the confidence in his justice worked and played for him too, for there were motion pictures taken of their ways of work and habits of life into this acting for the cameras they threw themselves with enthusiasm, and with the abandon of a newly crowned movie queen. The records thus gained of a little known and primitive people are not the least among the results obtained in this investigation.

Untutored in any way, the Eskimos proved to be quick to seize the new ideas that the coming of the white man had brought to their land. Among the cargo of the *Laddie* on its last voyage were two or three small phonographs. These were the delight of these simple people. Harry Lauder was their favorite. The hit of the songs caught their ear and brought broad grins to stolid countenances. Harry Lauder in his hey day never had a more appreciative audience. They listened and learnt, learnt with almost unbelievable fidelity, and it was a sight for the gods to see some Eskimo woman sitting cross-legged on the rocks and to listen to the Scotchman's rolling 'R's dropping from lips as ignorant of the white man's tongue as the foxes that roamed the gullies. There was an accordion, too, and many a night might be heard the strains of "I Love a Lassie" wailing from that battered accordion, an accompaniment to hoarse voice chanting in the burrow tongue of the Scottish hills. Thus civilization marches on. Much was learned about the Eskimo character, uninfluenced by the white man's example. It was known to them that a tent near the shelter contained the trinkets and gew gaws with which they were paid for their work that represented an told wealth to these simple people. It would have been the simplest of matters to steal, yet during that whole year not a thing was lost. They were by nature honest and the almost idolatrous affection they bestowed on the young leader, kept their thoughts from guile.

#### Great Stores of Ore Found

AND all the while the investigation of the island went on, that disclosed four distinct ranges of ore-bearing rock 30 miles long and three miles apart. There was iron in immense quantities, that was certain, and the only question was as to whether the quality was fine enough to make it commercially worth while. It was to establish this fact that H. H. Flaherty and Dr. E. S. Moore, Professor of Geology in the Pennsylvania State College went to join the expedition. Exhaustive analysis left no room for doubt, ore there was a plenty but of too low a grade to make it worth exploitation under the peculiar conditions of its location. Some day, perhaps, it may be possible to realize on this store of wealth.

There was nothing left to be done. The Belchers had been discovered and roughly charted their resources had been investigated, there was nothing left but the trail back again to civilization. When the ship carrying the party left the coast, the whole of its people were grouped upon the shore, crying and waving and shouting in an alien tongue. There have been other white men who have left other shores, their departing footsteps wet with tears, but it has not always been in grief at their departure. Bob Flaherty left his subjects crying for his swift return.

#### The Cost of the Expedition

IT IS said that Sir William Mackenzie with the largeness of vision that made him powerful has spent a hundred thousand dollars in these expeditions and the careless might ask, What did he get for his money? He got just what he expected to get, a complete and definite knowledge. It is questionable he ever expected more. He paid the expenses of these expeditions out of his own private funds, for the inestimable privilege of knowing the truth. He got little of money value, save a nego-

# MR. PHIPPS of "THE OLD FIRM"

## A Novelette of Jacobite Days, Complete in This Issue

By G. APPLEBY TERRILL

Author of "William French," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



A FEW miles short of Canterbury I brought the sloop to a stand, partly because he was in his post-

house, but dead weary already, and partly because here was a nook that long ago had won my fancy. It was a deep cove, with pastures and woodlands for its sides, and a nice species of cultivated fields at the bottom, where also was a prosperous farmhouse.

The sky was blue, save for one great tumble of white cloud to the south, and, despite the lateness of the season, I thought the place looked as well as ever it had. It was very English, very homely. Had the farmer been visible I should have enjoyed to ask him how he had

done with his harvesting and his autumn ale, and whether he found the flat over moist for his grain of a wet summer. The height of the slopes gave an air of complete seclusion to the scene, and perchance it was this that attracted me as much as anything. Now a liking for seclusion was grown to be a second nature with me.

A dusty tradesman on a jaded hack I was, this October afternoon of 1896, near to the finish of the eighth secret visit I had made to England since the winter of 1890, for the purpose of trying what I could do in the matter of flinging the Prince of Orange off the throne, and putting back King James thereon. Seven times I had returned to France unheeded and unpursued, and with some pressing business accomplished, so that our little court there was wont to call my good fortune marvellous. None deemed it so marvellous as did I myself, however, who alone knew of a certain weak spot in me, very liable to cause disaster.

Often I thought on this weakness with self-reproach, sometimes with keen shame, as when my poor king at St. Germains would lay his hand on me—a hand become tremulous from the sorrows of exile—and declare I was the most proven, trusty friend that ever hearkened his sovereign in adversity.

Not that I had swerved a hair in my faithfulness to him whom his people had made so ill. No, indeed! But always during my last hours in England I would run a risk I should not have. Coming coastward, with letters in my keeping that were much more to be guarded than my life, since their discovery would peril the lives of the writers, I yet, for my own ends, took a flirt with danger. I could not resist it, though all I ever gained was a snarl of freshly stirred sadness, which made it truly difficult for me to come with the bright men I wished into the presence of St. Germains, where was mournfulness enough and to spare.

RUTH, my wife, was the reason of the weak spot in me.

I had been contemplating the same scene a minute, when she was vivid in my thoughts again.

We were wedded in '86, and surpassingly happy for two years—that is, until the Prince of Orange came. Then all the Whig spirit in her, all the hatred of the king and of his late brother's memory, which her malcontent family had fostered in her broke forth. I had known of this defection when I wedded her, had known even that she pondered revengefully on the death of her cousin for treason in '85 but, seeing her so tender to me, and she but a child still, I had thought to chide and coax her from these ways.

With my stout wit I strove to do this now. I failed, and that was but a small part of my discomfiture. To my bitter astonishment she was suddenly changed towards me by the turn of the times, carried to wild excitement by the triumph of her side. I heard her, who was so dear to me, reprove me because I turned not false traitor call me traitor to her and to all right-minded folk upbraid me with cruel gibes or angry tears, and at length vow steadily that she hated me as much as the king, there being nothing to choose between us. When his Majesty was

Majesty I would feel me to the block," she added that such would serve me justly and be best for the nation, as I was bent to enslave and ruin it. Then, breathing fast, she cried that, as she lived, I should not ruin it—that she saw her duty—that her serving-men should take hold of me and carry me

to the magistrate. And she spoke with such a quivering of her body and such a marked danger light in her eyes, that forthwith I made for the door of the chamber, getting at my pistols in belief that I should have to fight my way to my horse, and at the same time feeling dumbfounded that this could be my Ruth, that was used to lean fondly on my bosom and show me all the love in her eyes.

But ere I was at the threshold she was sunk down and weeping agonizedly. So I turned back, remaining with her an hour which was all the time I could spare. For a while she was contrite. Then her manner grew very cold, and, going with me to the hall to let me forth she would neither kiss me nor wish me to come again, and before my foot was in the stirrup she shut the door. I heard her turn the lock at once, as if she were well rid of me and glad she could bar me out. I was to hear that prompt locking many times, and the echo of it would go with me to France, keeping my heart deolate until I was preparing to cross to England again.

NOW as I have said, I was completing my eighth venture. I had spent two months in London, chiefly tampering with affairs of the fleet, which at least should have had grateful recollections of the King, and I had strolled indoors for a week at a stretch, and gone a-visiting ministers by their cellar stairs with sea-coal and stubble on my cheeks. But here in the pure breeze of Kent I showed my own face, passing along in the character by which I was become known commonly, that of Mr. Phipps, a poor chiant out of the north country—in a plain coat and plainer periwig, and my sword strapped to the little trunk behind my saddle in so useless and simple-minded a fashion that none dreamed how ready lay a pistol in either pocket of Mr. Phipps' skirt. And none save a highway thief was like to find out.

Though Ruth had such a large share of my thoughts as I lingered by the farm, I yet received some profound satisfaction from considering how dexterously I always avoided the notice of the authorities. For many weeks past I had been busy under their noses, dairying more than ever before, yet I had left London at the hour I wished, and now was safe beyond their sight, unimpeded.

I patted the sloop's neck and laughed aloud, gaily. Had I not warranty for gladness? There were signatures of huge value written against certain of the letters in my breast. Two of them the King himself though in one of those excitable, sanguine humors which on occasions relieved his despair—had declared I should not get. And I was going to see Ruth this evening.

Though I could hope for nothing but to part from her presently with the wretchedest pain, none the less, as ever was the case, I was almost beside myself at the prospect of standing before her of taking her hand, perhaps, if she were very merciful, of putting my arms for an instant around her.

She was at home. I had been careful to discover that. Not again, since an unforseeable night three years before when reaching Shepherdsholme I was told she was in London, had I and myself open for a disappointment so terrible. Yes, she was at home—yet far from expecting me. Far, though I held myself despicable for it, never did I let her know I was in England till I was in the act to leave, just half an hour's night galloping from my sloop. I could not forget the danger that she had shown in her eyes and (what was yet more ominous) would often again have shown, it seemed to me had she not veiled it.

My reverie taking this color, I lost the mood for laughter. I was accustomed to Ruth and my letters agreeing ill in my mind, but now of a sudden they



I made a small pit in the sand beneath the tree and put me within there.

escaped over to France, and I was on the point of joining him, I entreated her, how I entreated her, to bear with me and come with me, for I could not harden my heart to bring her away by force. But, in the hottest anger yet, she bade me go alone, and not think to see her more, since my wilfulness had divorced us beyond mending. On my first return to Eng and I learnt that she was dwelling at my house of Shepherdsholme in Kent, which her kinsman Lord Somers had separated by some argument of the law from the rest of my confiscated property and given to her as her own right. This house by strange fate, I had never seen, his Majesty having made me a birthday gift of it on the very day of the Hollander Prince's landing, which gave me something else to think on. But I knew where it lay—and that not above six miles from the beach whence I should ship to France, and I was sure that no servant of mine who might be there would betray me. So on the night of my embarkation (a job needing darkness) I rode aside to it, and, my knocking being answered by a stranger servant, begged that my wife would see a Mr. Phipps. And presently she came to me in the small room where I waited alone.

For a moment she was softened, even letting me kiss her, and asking with some awe how durst I venture into England. Yet anon when she had it from me that I was persuading men back to the king she stood aloof from me in a mood that most quickly became a storm of rage. Beginning with a taunt ill-suited to her sweet lips, namely that "the lenth-jawed old bigot over the water (his Grace)

clashed so violently as to nauseate me. These vital signatures, which I had enclosed only by the most vehement assurance of my wariness, the most solemn pledging of my honor! Whither was I carrying them?

I felt my hand clench on the rein and my face go hot. But one thing was certain, I could not force myself from England without a sight of Ruth. Ruth's two years my mate, then these eight long years so harsh a stranger that it was past belief she was ever my lover. Ah well she was the lover of no one else! There was true solace for me in that, and I hoped she knew it was the same with me, despite her several fears that she would wager some French damsel had took me from her.

Recalling this unreasonable logic, I smiled, so varying was my temper, thanks to her, this afternoon. Then, with a last glance round the valley, I roused the sorrel and set him trotting towards Canterbury and the "Blue Stag" post-house.

THE road was good and his step more willing, and soon the steady "click-clock" of his hoofs got me to whistling and humming softly; for whatever might be the quality of my thoughts, a kind of carelessness elation would ever take me at intervals when my horse was beating a measure through a fair countryside. Thus I played with lutes and snatches, and I am afraid that to more than one air I idly fitted some words of compliment to "Mr. Phipps of 'The Old Firm'" and his skilful methods of business, since I exulted in my work.

The "Blue Stag," a quiet house that suited me, I usually found empty of any traveler of substance. To-day, however, when I walked into the room where I was wont to eat a meal I came upon an occupant—a large, stout man sitting before two bottles of wine, his riding-cloak thrown back somewhat, showing a rich blue suit. He stared across the bottles at me in plain annoyance, then shifted his gaze to the bar of the door as if wondering why he had forgot to fasten it. Finally, with a sigh, he folded a letter he had been reading and seemed to resign himself to the intrusion of mean company, though he could not suppress a courteous greeting as he surveyed the dust on me.

"My man," said he, "are you that blackguard express from London that has hired all the horses and drove me to find one at this pothouse? But I am before you here. The chestnut in the shed is mine. Touch her, and you shall suffer, whoever your master be." And he eyed me very grimly as he sat back, a trifle puffed from his speech.

But I heeded not his words, for I knew him instantly, and all my business faculties were alert. Here was a fine piece of luck in my path—an old rustic Tory of uncommon influence, who had meanly gone over to the Prince of Orange, and ever after had seemed to regret it and to balance unsteadily between him and King James. But, having wide estates and a selfish, timid mind, he could be induced neither to send word to St. Germain nor to receive an envoy therefrom, though it was often bruted he was about to do both.

I shut the door and sat down in the window-seat.

"To-day is like summer than October," I said. "A queer whim of the weather, Sir Jacob Bristow."

I saw that he was surprised at my telling him his name, and also resentful of my familiar manner.

"I know most faces in these parts," said he, "but not yours. Who are you?" Which was what I wanted.

"My name is Phipps," said I; "and my trade might be worth your hearing."

He put forth his lip with contemptuous indifference, and poured wine into his glass. "What is it?"

I stood up and walked to his table, looking at him very gravely. "Declare in all honor that you will put me from your memory if we agree not to trade, and I will tell you," I said, "not otherwise."

Whereupon his ill humor was jolted afresh. "Trade!" he said, gaping at me and flushing with spleen, and attempting to glare me out of countenance. "I dare not give you such, Mr. Phipps. You cannot think I would. I have no proof that you are what you say."

With a sigh, being ever reluctant to shed the cloak of Mr. Phipps, I took my commission from my wallet. "You would recognize his Majesty's hand?"

He nodded.

no cringe out of me, muttered something anent "a blazon rogue."

Whereat he got his cringe in sooth, I bending quickly to hide my merriment.

"Perhaps I could do with a few casks," he said cautiously, "if you were a safe man. Um, ye-es, I give you my word of honor."

Though his honor was certainly not of the best, this sufficed for me now. I sat down by him, laying aside my hat, which, though that was not my intent, soothed his dignity enormously.

"You are a trader?" said he, quite amiable. "A merchant," I replied. "I am in England representing 'The Old Firm'." I waved my hand Channel-ward.

"The Old Firm?" A shadow of uneasiness crossed him. "Ay, the trusty old firm—James & Jameson, of St. Germain."

"My soul!" he exclaimed, starting up like a fat, scared boy his heavy face pale in a second. "What have I let myself in for?—Go away!" he muttered, trembling. "I will hear no more!"

"You have let yourself in for nothing," I said. "Like you, I am prepared to forget this talk. So you will take no hurt from listening."

I motioned to his chair, and, after hanging off a while, he sat again, emptying his glass and folding his mouth as one who meant to be immovable.

"My firm," said I, "will be very generous in the matter of debts—heavy, black debts, mind you, which this realm owes it. It will forgive and forget every single one, hold rancour against no man, in return for a trivial sum."

"A trivial sum?"

"Three crowns," said I. "Trivial enough to you folk who bestowed it on a stranger. Three crowns, and all who contribute to this settlement of the Bill!"

"I will not see King William settled bloodily I will not see him harmed," he interrupted with real decision.

"I am of no plot party, sir," I replied with a touch of stiffness. "I speak for the head of the firm. Pack your Dutchman back to Holland, that satisfies us.

Now mark you—all who contribute to the payment of the three crowns will get a most handsome return for their honesty. And all wise men are contributing, for it is certain that 'The Old Firm' must quickly come back."

FOR half-an-hour I urged him, pausing only while the post-keeper entered and set down a refreshment for me, and a dozen times in that half-hour I saw Sir Jacob incline this way and that. At last he jumped up again, with a weird choking sound, and, throwing a glance at the door to make sure it was closed tight, swung round on me in a veritable fury.

"Perish you!" he cried, "for this evil trade of yours." He clenched his fist at me. "Pah! what a trade! To sneak into England and lure men from their uprightness! To bring them to ruin and death, to wither the lives of their children!"

For a moment he silenced me. Not by his rage or reasoning, but because his words were words that Ruth had spoken, and so hit me sadly. Then I recalled myself.

"Sir," I said, "do I sneak and lure, and I risk my own life pretty badly. But it is because, until the end, I stand true to my king—the man who fought the Dutch for us, the man who loved our navy, the man who was too honest to hoodwink you, therefore you drove him out, robbing him of his very daughters, and nigh breaking his heart."

With which flourish I drank a beaker of wine to St. Germain and turned to my meal. From the corner of my eye I noted Sir Jacob shifting his feet and rubbing his chin with his knuckle, and very soon he was in his chair once more.

"Is he King James, much altered in appearance?" asked he with furtive curiosity. "And what of the young gentleman, the Prince of Wales? What think you of him?" At that I abandoned my food, and twenty minutes after I had Sir Jacob won over.

"But a letter—a letter!" he protested. "I dare not give you such, Mr. Phipps. You cannot think I would. I have no proof that you are what you say."

With a sigh, being ever reluctant to shed the cloak of Mr. Phipps, I took my commission from my wallet. "You would recognize his Majesty's hand?"

"That is all writ by it." And I passed the paper to him.

He read a few lines and then his brows went up high and laying it on the table, he scrutinized me, at first blankly but soon with a smile that rather drew me to him.

"My lord Viscount," he said, uncovering and standing, and holding forth his hand. "I must ask pardon for rough words, but indeed your lordship makes a most excellent, loose adventurous fellow."

Whereat we both laughed and shook hands, and very calmly he got to writing his letter, though wishing first to bar the door, which I would not hear of as being just that indiscreet move which might arouse suspicion.

But when his note was in my wallet, and I about to go, his placidity left him, and he gripped me by the arm, actually with tears springing to his eyes. "My lord," he said pleadingly, "tell me again it will be safe—that there is no chance it shall come into any hands but the right!" His big face worked with apprehension. "You have so cajoled me, my Lord, that I know not whether I have done well or madly. And I have three daughters, quite young! For their sake you will take strict care of it!"

I patted his arm. "It is as secure as if already at St. Germain," I said.

"Ah," replied he, his tone somewhat reassured. Then, mopping his forehead and cheeks hastily with a brilliant kerchief from the Indies, he added, "I am no downright brave man like you, my lord. Faith and you are light of spirits with it all. Perchance I trust so—you have lost little by your loyalty?"

I thought of Ruth. "Only the world," I said with a moody smile, setting my hat on.

"A trivial sum?"

"Three crowns," said I. "Trivial enough to you folk who bestowed it on a stranger. Three crowns, and all who contribute to this settlement of the Bill!"

"I will not see King William settled bloodily I will not see him harmed," he interrupted with real decision.

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Now mark you—all who contribute to the payment of the three crowns will get a most handsome return for their honesty. And all wise men are contributing, for it is certain that 'The Old Firm' must quickly come back."

BETWEEN these whiles, however, she trotted faultlessly, and many a refrain I hummed, with extra zest inasmuch as I was gratified by my latest bit of work, and also inclined to welcome the salt taste of the Channel, which was already in the air. For, although Sir Jacob had named me a brave man, there were occasions—such as when, newly landed, I rode into the shadows of London, or when I lay wakeful at night in my lodging there—sundry occasions on which a sudden, nasty fear seized me that my courage and cunning were both on the point to desert me. These fits were short, but bad enough truly; and England at this time, still a ring with the late silly murder plot, was no pleasant place for me. I should feel some relief to be out of it despite my hunger for Ruth.

So I sniffed the saltiness eagerly, and, the wind, old Sir Jacob's voice whipped into my brain.

"Are you that blackguard express from London that has hired all the horses?"

The question which I had not deigned to notice at the inn returned to me as something so weighty, so sinister, so full of import to himself, that straightway I pulled up, feeling sick in body and mind. Had I made a deadly slip by not guessing peril?

And now I knew what had roused the question. Right away on the road I had left I heard a faint, faint shouting; and between that and a volley of hoof beats; and—ay! on the turf to my left hand drumming, getting louder with incredible swiftness at a gallop.

"Those pack-animals are broke loose," I said, cocking my pistols simultaneously and putting one in my breast. Holding the other I grabbed the rein and endeavored to discover the nature of the hedge on my right. It was dangerously high, and so, to the mare's amazement, I drove spurs into her and set her racing up the hill. Then, at the noise of crashing bushes ahead of us, I strove to wrench her in, and while she dashed and flung in wild frenzy, I heard the hedge behind us split in two places, and an instant later a third.

"Jack is down and smashed with his lanthorn," I heard a rider, and, without pause, but his tone soaring to a yell, "Name o' the King! Stand, Lord Sayer!"

At the hazard of firing my pistol into the sky, I roared both hands to the rein, hauled the mare part round and goaded her at the hedge, not above four or five feet high here, but topped with stoutish bushes, just enough to leap beyond bounds for joy, I swung off the

main road

into the three-mile long lane that led to Shepherdsholme—and half-way through it I drew

rem under an old tree dead of lightning. What was called

"Gospel Oak" (Ruth herself had told me), and had strange writhing branches which I could discern

barely peering

carefully.

Out of the saddle, my arm through the mare's rein, I made a small pit in the mould



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hanging for an instant half-over, she scrambling madly, I thrown forward a huddle on her neck, and thinking, it is curious to recall, less of my plight than of my wallet and how lucky I was to have buried it, since there would have been no time for that from my first catching the alarm.

A heavy pistol went off in the road with a great, puffing blaze, the bullet chipping my elbow and getting me through my riding boot fair in the knee. I snatched at the pistol in my bosom, having by now lost the other, and fired back; and, this shot being returned at once, the mare gave a mighty heave, somersaulting me into the field below us and so striking me as she fell herself as to knock the senses out of me.

"Come daylight, you will have your lads search every rut and cranny of this lane."

"I believe he has cast away his papers," he said again, obstinately made. "And, come daylight, I will have my lads search every rut and cranny of this lane."

And then he came and bent over me so that, although my stupor was returning quickly, I recognized his face. He was Mr. Francis Orlebars, of Greenwich, with whom I had been friendly in the old days.

He caught the gleam of sense in my eyes, and forthwith dropped on his knee, raising my head.

"My dearest Sayer," said he. "In faith I am sorry I meant to take you myself, but your swerve from the straight road confounded the numbskulls that were to do both."

I did not speak, but presently, feeling a trifle steadier, I listened very eagerly, for there was an angry discord among those around me, which certainly meant nothing to my disadvantage.

"Your fellows were under my orders," said a well-bred voice. "Had he carried enough treason to damn himself ten times over, it were no excuse for them."

Whereas now—Look you!" He spoke in a new direction and his words were high and menacing. "Look you! my bullies. You shall remember breaking of my commands as long as you live, which will be till the next assize if his lordship dies. This is going to be jail for the lot of you to-morrow, you ruffians."

"So please your worship," answered one, after a second of complete silence, "the gentleman would have been away across country if Joe Hayward and me hadn't loosed our sneezers. We were trying for the horse."

"His worship" reviled Joe Hayward and the speaker with a score of hateful epithets, renewing his promise of jail, and then, appearing to have turned his back on them, addressed the person to whom he had spoken before.

"I am put in a pretty mess, Mr. Dawson, by you and your rascals. I did think I made plain what the Council directed—no harm to Lord Sayer, but to stop him on the coast and capture any boat crew that

should row in to him. Pest! why did not they take him when they spotted him in London last week?"

The speaker's heel ground impatiently. "I say again, the boat was moonshine. He was riding to see his wife, sir, not making for France. That should be clear even to you, seeing he lies at her gates with

his hand in his pocket but some jewels for her."

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# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

## Germany Preparing For Another War

*A Large "Hush" Army is Being Trained—The Blindness of the Allied Powers—Fear of Bolshevism Excuse For Delaying Disarmament*

THAT Germany is quietly recruiting and training a new army that today it has reached a strength of some where near one million men and that behind the movement is not only a determination to escape from living up to the terms of the treaty but the intention of reverting back to an imperialistic Government are statements made by Sir Guy Fawkes in an article in the *Review of Reviews* (London). He heads his article "The Truth About the German Military Machine" and states quite frankly his belief that Germany is preparing again to threaten the peace of Europe.

Whether or not Mr. Fawkes has a basis of truth for his startling statements, he makes one point very positive and clear. The mistake of the Allied Powers in permitting Germany to hoodwink them into the belief that a large Teutonic army was needed to stem by force the tide of Bolshevism. He argues, and convincingly that the Allies, in a fury of fear of Bolshevism have been openly aiding the hand of the reactionaries in Germany who want to restore the Kaiser and all that Kaiserism means. He writes, in part:

"Whether Germany has a million men or only 700,000 men the precise figure is not of vital consequence. I am inclined to put it very high but obviously absolute accuracy on this point is not possible since there has been preserved a certain secrecy about this 'Hush' army. I say a certain secrecy for it would not be true to say that a complete secret has been observed or that elaborate precautions have been taken to conceal the armed forces of Germany. They have not been talked of too officially; they remain in part at least unavowed but nevertheless anyone who wished to learn the approximate truth was not required to do so. The reasons for this comparative candor are various. In the first place it would have been impossible to amass an army of 1,000,000 men. In the second place it would have been impossible to raise it without some measure of tolerance. I hesitate to say compromise—on the part of the Allied authorities. And lastly, it was necessary definitely to let the result of Noske's system of recruiting roll out in order that the Entente should be properly impressed with the unsuccess of attempting to enforce the conditions of peace without being too harsh and frequently threatening. Publicity is necessary in the long run, even for the success of Germany's plan, which is not to fight but rather to create the folly of employing force against her."

Where the Entente really merits blame is in the unguarded step it took which it tolerated. Various plans have been laid and in doing them, here I touch the root of the matter and I want to underline it as much as possible. The mistake of the Allies over and over again is in imagining that the danger lay to the left. The danger has always lain to the right. Statesmen saw two

possible paths, one on this hand and one on the other. They had beaten Germany they had crushed the German Empire and Germany was crushed. Their effort was immediately turned to the left for they fingered Reaction. They thought only of Reaction. In their fight they only pried up the prostrate enemy. They embraced him as armed him they made an ally of him. In spite of many efforts of clear-sighted and sincere men I am afraid that a order to escape the claws of Bolshevism we have rushed into the Charybdis of Reaction. If Germany is now in position to defy us it is March 1st and the Marxists have new hopes. It is we the Allies who have ourselves to thank for our own blundering fears.

This hardly appears to be the place to discuss our general policy towards Russia towards Hungary towards all the crushed nations but it is impossible not to make a few notes to that policy since it is now bearing to fruits. Let me then state briefly that we fell away from our own ideals in our peace-making we obeyed in the end the cynical methods of diplomacy we had denounced. We fanned everywhere the military men and the Marxists we condoned, nay we accepted the system of graft we continued the war instead of fighting with war on an other territory and we were led by our righteous enthusiasm of Hushes on to make friends with the reactionaries of every country. In Germany I must point out that I am not for a moment defending Bolshevism on the contrary I believe that a sincere example of democratic principles in action a greater respect for our neighbors right of self-determination and our united efforts for an economic restoration would have made an end of Bolshevism long ago.

France is the most plain speaking country in the world and it was there

in the reactionary and militarist sympathies of some of the Entente powers, they fell into an absurd panic and allowed Noske to pin up his defenses against anarchy, utterly oblivious of the psychology of his using them as defenses against the Entente, utterly indifferent to his being in a plot to bring back a Kaiser, in short not only asking nothing about his own character and purposes but being prepared to accept a show for Monarchy and Nationalism, provided it crushed the strange new exaggerated ideas of popular liberty that had been preached by Western statesmen and had been put down by the bloody practice by Eastern fanatics.

Surely there could have been found a fair middle course? But although it would not be true to say that our leaders were so cynical at least they were blind and were led by the cynics. One has only to look at the actual facts. First, it is true that Article 159 to 163 of the Peace Treaty make the date of the disarmament of her many contingent upon the coming into force of the treaty. But the spirit of the whole of these clauses, which provide for the reduction to 200,000 men and then by March next year to 100,000 men is that the process should be begun immediately and the Armistice would have permitted the widest powers to Allied generals. On the contrary the army has been allowed to grow and munitions have been accumulated in quantities which far exceed those foreseen in the Armistice terms. Under Weimar II there were 12,000 men in the Berlin garrisons there are under Noske 50,000. The computations as to the number of soldiers

now in Germany ranges from half a million to twelve hundred thousand. That is not reducing it is deliberately increasing the army. There is ample evidence that the spirit of this army is from the military point of view excellent. It is animated by the same feelings as the Hindenburg army. There cannot possibly be found an excuse in the danger of a rising of the people for the enormous recruiting that has gone on. If the people are so discontented it is, first, because they are long served and, second, because the Allies did not hasten quickly enough to the assistance of the beaten for who lacked foodstuffs and raw materials. To have clandestinely (and openly) helped Germany to get a possible economic foothold would have been far better business than to have turned a blind eye to the arming under the pretense of keeping an effective peace force. And while Noske was robbing his men in Germany with the explanation that they were wanted against the Spartacists, Von der Goltz was under the eyes of the Allies, masterminding an extra German army in the Baltic States because there was a vague suggestion that the Germans might be used to fight the Bolsheviks!

I must do our British representatives the credit of stating that they went reports to the Peace Conference regarding the "true character of the Von der Goltz army. They denounced German intrigues in the Baltic regions and showed clearly that there was no German intention of making a serious enemy of Russia. It must be us or our allies who are to blame for that. And yet nothing was done, no order was given, as might have been given according to the terms of the Armistice for Germany to recall these troops, until the peril had grown too serious. Naturally it was then too late. The gross negligence of somebody in respect of the German forces in the Baltic appears to me to be a first-class scandal which deserves the strongest condemnation.

The Polish Premier solemnly affirmed six months ago that Germany had 800,000 men under arms, that she could raise 2,000,000 at a moment's notice, that the manufacture of munitions was continuing "in order to give work to the workers." The most significant fact was that of the methods which were adopted to give some sort of cover to the drafting of men. In addition to the armies, with and without, always capable of opposing a strong wall to the Allies, always capable of halting a restoration, there were other more camouflaged regiments being raised. The auxiliary formations of Guards (Ehrenhussaren) which were created in all the towns of the Reich, for the combat with communism, were taken from military control. They became a civil body like the *Armenen*. The invitation of Noske to the men even of the villages to enroll as volunteers to preventive order obviously opened the door to the establishment of a huge national army which could be reckoned upon for other purposes. There was already a purely military guard commanded by officers and living in barracks, specially organized to assist the police. Armenen with their uniforms at Breslau were ever ready to catch or man.

The Monarchist propaganda of Hoffman and his men became notorious and the anti-Semitic excitements in programs have been recorded. The Frankfurter Zeitung called attention to a bureau which clandestinely recruited men to attack the Jews. Now Noske did not scruple to defend the Prussian Boys at off shore, who man tested at Berlin stating that "I cannot ask them officers to renounce their faith." Everywhere one could see the Royalists becoming bolder and bolder and the Marxists becoming more and more daring. They are working up the people to a national re-awakening. It is with the complicity of Noske whom the Allies regard as the strong man upon whom they could rely.

One of the first statements to utter a series of warnings which unashamedly were not heeded was M. Paderewski and I well recall his painful insistence upon the position of Poland which was forced to fight instead of conciliating herself. At that time Germany had no fewer than 200,000 soldiers in Upper Silesia alone. The big German guns were directed upon the Polish forces. Sooner or later a deadly conflict seemed inevitable. In Lithuania, in face of the Polish troops, there were 20,000 of Von der Goltz and others. The German intrigues in the Ukraine were continuing also under cover of the supposed German desire to fight Bolshevism. What a booby trap Bolshevism was! How amazingly Germany

saw her opportunity of playing upon our panic! Particularly did M. Paderewski complain that the treaty was not executed. Delay followed delay. This is not the moment to discuss the influence of America's hesitation upon the European middle but the provisional uncertain character of our policy has also much to answer for. Every day that passed was a day gained by Germany. She grew stronger while we drifted and demonstrated our helplessness, our helplessness against Austria, our helplessness against Romania, our helplessness against Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The victory was slipping away from us because we had not imposed our conditions at once because we had not acted anything, because we began to dawdle amid the quarrels of peace. With Italy at loggerheads, Romania disloyal, America disengaged, Japan wary, China divided, (as the Soviet's emboldened, Yugoslavia and Greece, Bulgaria and other countries disappointed, the very patient Teuton had only to bide his time, renew his strength and proceed too soon to open defiance but adopt a passive resistance to all our demands, and sooner or later there would either be a new armament of arms or the disarming Alliance would give up the game as not worth while. It would be shorter to state what conditions Germany has fulfilled, whether in respect of reparation or disarmament or anything else, than to answer what conditions Germany has not fulfilled.

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He has himself expressed quite candidly his opinion about the treaty which obliges him to reduce his effectiveness to 100,000 men. He acknowledges the possession of an army of 400,000 men and is certain that if one counts all the auxiliary forces, the figure must be doubled even if he counted the regular troops accurately. "Show me anyone who is the wiser when coal and foodstuffs are lacking when there is no work would dare to abandon the German army," he said. "The demobilized men would join the Spartacists at once." But to crush the Spartacists he has had to kill himself to



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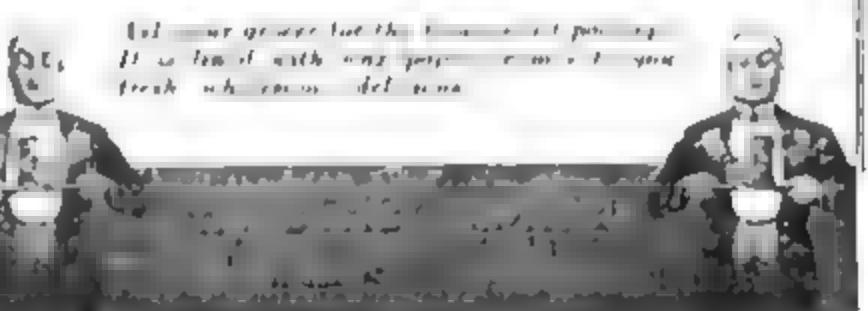
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the Monarchists. The feeling in favor of a restoration undoubtedly grows. The idea of the Throne is after all associated with the idea of a strong Empire. Whether Prince August Wilhelm of Hohenlohe, who has been particularly busy in the organization of the military forces, and in the hope of the Prussian officers, or whether another will be chosen, is not of much importance. The great point for the Allies to note is this. That a Monarchical system in Germany certainly means a defiant Germany, certainly means a dangerous Germany. In one sense, we may perhaps, pretend that the internal administration of Germany does not concern us. If the people prefer Prince August to Ebert, that is their lookout. But we are responsible in a very real manner. We have allowed the military provisions of the Armistice and of the Peace Treaty to be disregarded, and it is precisely because we permitted militarism to rear its head that Monarchism is rearing its head.

As for the future of Germany, it certainly lies in the East. I do not believe that there will be any aggression in the West. But Prussia is proudly conscious of her defeat of Russia. The strategic importance of the Baltic Provinces which she wishes to get as a jumping-off point, is patent. Riga might easily be made into the chief Russian port. Whoever holds it has the key to Russian trade. The control of the littoral from Danzig northwards, is commercially a prize whose value cannot be overrated. The Baltic German Barons and the Baltic German army between them may get a real grip on these border states. It must be

remembered that Eastern boundaries are not yet fixed. It must be remembered that Poland is not yet stable. It must be remembered, above all, that Germany realizes what she can do if she can only join hands with Russia.

It is only possible in my limited space to touch on all these points, but I must not omit to quote, in passing, the key sentence from the book which Professor Daya wrote after Brest-Litovsk, since it contains a political theory which is certain to be adopted. "Germany, Russia and Japan," he cried, "that is the most natural political constellation. That is the Triplex of the Twentieth century." If one could stay to examine this doctrine, it could be shown how ineluctable it is that Germany should form an alliance with Russia, and whether it is a Republican Russia or a Monarchist Russia, is not, I think, regarded as of much importance. We have two enemies—Germany and Russia—whose fates are linked. How can they avoid joining hands against us? There is, of course, a genuine fear of Bolshevism, but that fear is already diminishing, and with a strong Monarhist and Monarchist system in Germany and a further evolution in Russia, there will be no reason why the two broken nations should remain apart. Let me try to have a little realism in world politics. We are always behaving like angry children, screaming and stamping our feet. Our policy towards Russia and towards Germany was certainly to drive them together, to be either united in the bonds of Bolshevism, or, with different kinds of governments, in commercial and defensive ties. Partition is a poor guide in politics.

Automobile thieves work in gangs. They have a headquarters, a well-equipped garage, which frequently does an honest business as a side line, or perhaps as camouflage. Some of these thieves' garages have completely equipped machine-shops, where major operations can be carried out, even to the building of a car, if the owners ever dare to waste so much time.

As soon as the gang steals a car it is brought right up to the garage. Numbers and identification marks are removed. The mechanism is gone over and put in first-class condition. The body is sent to the paint shop, another department of this interesting organization and comes forth in a new coat of different color from its original hue. In many of these thieves' garages it is the custom to hold cars until two or three more of the same make or model have been stolen, and then to tear down and rebuild all of them, redistributing the parts, so as to make future identification practically impossible.

But the development of the car-stealing industry does not stop even here. The latest wrinkle is specialization. That is to say a gang of thieves selects some popular make of car and confines its attention to that particular line. The garage is fitted up with exactly the

machinery needed to deal with the gang's car. It becomes a sort of parasitic service station for vehicles of its special model. Naturally work flows along with far more precision than is the case where all sorts and conditions of cars are handled.

The next step will probably be specialization in yearly models of popular makes, one gang stealing only 1918 Hudsons, while another band may confine itself to 1919 Packards or 1920 Studebakers. It is pleasant to see these amiable gentlemen thus reducing their business to exact order, and achieving organization along the lines of modern economic efficiency.

Not long ago there died in New York a man who had made a fortune of half a million dollars out of stolen automobiles. He was the first person who applied real business methods to this ingenious industry, and he reaped his reward, though he died eventually of a nervous disorder brought on by his risky method of existence.

This man was a wholesaler in stolen machines. He had many gangs and innumerable single operators working for him. He rebuilt cars and on occasions actually sold back to the original owner a vehicle that had passed through his factory. He shipped his loot to all parts of the country as the market varied or the chase became hot. He was arrested scores of times, but in spite of the fact that the police knew that he was the man higher up in the game, they never were able to secure a conviction. This individual was the first large-scale operator in stolen automobiles, but he has many imitators today.

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## One Automobile in Ten Stolen? How the Deposed Kings Live

*Thieves are Organized in Gangs With Elaborate Plants and Machinery Behind Them. Some are Unhappy in Exile—Ex-King of Greece Says Belief in Kingship is Going.*

**A**ND an astonishing state of affairs in regard to the theft of motor cars is revealed by Alexander C. Johnston, writing in *MacLean's Magazine*. Automobile stealing has been reduced, it seems, to a very well-organized business. It is not the sporadic work of individual sneak thieves but the result of efficiently organized gangs with extensive workshops and sales organizations. So efficient is the work done, in fact, that one car in ten in the United States is stolen! Mr. Johnston writes:

In this country today one-tenth of all the motor cars annually produced are stolen. During the year 1918, two hundred thousand cars were feloniously appropriated. During that same year the automobile industry if it had been working at normal speed would have produced approximately two million cars—a number which reduces the percentage quoted above to cold figures. As a matter of fact owing to abnormal conditions begotten of the war, the production of motor cars during 1918 was barely one million, as that the proportion of thefts was actually one in five cars produced. Juvenal did not condescend to statistics in relation to the purloining of Roman chariots, but we are surely justified in believing that our proud record would leave him gasping with amazement.

No other product of human industry has ever been so promiscuously stolen as the motor car is in America to-day. Not even currency itself can claim a record of thefts equaling one tenth of its total issuance each year. Within the past few years automobile stealing has advanced from casual and sporadic outbreaks to a business, an industry—one might almost call it a science—under the bar sinister. And frankly, the end is not yet, even though the matter has come up for the attention of the House of Representatives.

It is the misfortune of the automobile that in its own mechanical person it supposes the thief with the incentive

to steal, and also provides him with the means of performing the operation. The car itself is property of value, the average for American cars being two thousand dollars. It is readily salable, for every normal human being would like to have one, and by its speed and inconspicuousness it provides the thief with an ideal "getaway." The car stolen in one block joins the stream of passing cars in the next thoroughfare, and is instantly swallowed up in a multitude of similar vehicles, hundreds of which may be of the same make and model, differing by not one bolt or rivet.

Talk about hunting for a needle in a haystack! Give each needle a speed of sixty miles an hour and then try to find one particular needle in a haystack made up of nothing but needles—that comes nearer stating the case.

The modern professional automobile thief is the most thoroughly competent practitioner on earth. You may lock your car with all the locks you can find, you may chain it with nickel steel chains, you may burden it down with thief-proof devices, but you may make up your mind that if a bona-fide automobile thief has determined to have your car, you are going to lose it. Don't imagine, however, that I mean to imply that all automobile locks are worthless, for they are not—but we shall come to that a little later on.

The professional automobile thief has usually been a chauffeur. He has probably worked in a garage, repair shop, service station, or even in an automobile factory. He is a master mechanician, and knows every nut and bolt on the car, every piece of equipment that may or may not be installed, every device that has been designed for preventing car stealing, better than the men who design cars, equipment, and devices.

This master among thieves has a method of overcoming every impediment that is placed in his way and as fast as new ones are invented he finds a way to meet them. If conditions are not propitious for working at the

INTERESTING information with reference to the deposed kings who are now to be found in all parts of Switzerland is given by William G. Shepherd in *Everybody's Magazine*. Mr. Shepherd apparently went overcast with the idea of persuading some of the better-known ex royalties to write their experiences for *Everybody's*. He did not succeed in getting any of them to the point, but he gathered in the process some information that is very readable indeed.

He intimates, in the first place, that most of the exiles are reasonably comfortable and happy. A few are consumed with vain regrets and futile ambitions, and these, of course, are very unhappy, indeed.

One of these is Sophia, ex-queen of Greece, sister of the German Kaiser. When she and her husband, after the Allies had removed them from Greece, took shelter in a hotel in a certain Swiss town, she decided that a certain little English church in the town would be her place of worship. She declared that the Episcopal creed came nearest to the Greek Orthodox creed and that she and her two little daughters would therefore sit under the religious instruction of the British vicar. Some one in her entourage fixed it up with the church warden to rope off a few pews for the ex-royal family and on the first Sunday the ex-queen and her entourage, including her daughters and a lady waiting, entered these pews with a lowering of ropes and a considerable to-do that attracted no little attention. Now, English folks like certain sorts of kings, kings, for instance, who do, more or less, what folks want them to do, but the old idea of the divine right of kings has passed away in England and any royal fobs that leads them to believe that this idea is still alive is bound to make them sit up and take notice.

This little English congregation in Switzerland did this very thing. It is made up of gentle, God-fearing subjects of King George, but, as they themselves say in their British way, "There was a row." It was about the ropes. Anybody could worship with them in their little church, that wasn't the point. The Kaiser himself, to say nothing of his sister, might step in at any time—perhaps with considerable benefit to himself—to sit under the doctrine of their good vicar. But to have a member of the Hohenlohe family rope off a set of pews in that British church and sit exclusively in these pews in royal worship, was not to be endured. The church warden got his come-uppance that very Sunday before the folks had left the church, and the next Sunday the ex-queen of Greece and her entourage took their chances for seats with the other worshippers, humbly and in that now world-famous but somewhat one-sided spirit commonly known as "kamaradship."

With Madame Sophia, as with many another royalty, the belief that royalty is royalty whether it is enthroned or not, seems unshakable, like all the things that are pounded into our minds when we are children. In the early days of the Armistice when the kings and queens were fresh from their courts, several of them tried to keep up court customs among themselves, even in exile. This meant that all of them tried to enter Switzerland with large followings of servants and ladies in waiting. The Republican Swiss Government, without the consent of which no future royalty can enter Switzerland, was forced to make special rules to cover this point. The Swiss rules for royal refugees are very strict, for once in the country royalty in Switzerland is under orders, and the household lists were scanned very carefully by the Swiss authorities before passports of admittance to Switzerland were issued. Food was not any too abundant in Switzerland and the mouths of Swiss peasants had to be filled before foreign



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servants, who catered only to ex-royal whims and royal love of court ceremony could be fed. It came hard on the ex-kings and ex-queens at first, but last summer, after they had spent half a year or more in a republican atmosphere, they seemed to have adjusted themselves to the new ideas, and you saw them malingering in the hotel lobbies and coffee rooms.

Shepherd had an interesting visit at Amerongen. He did not see the Kaiser, of course, but he gathered some information about the broken autocrat of the Teutons.

Count Carlos Bentinck, son of the ex-Kaiser's host, accompanied me personally over the estate. With a nice regard for the rules of hospitality, he never once mentioned the ex-royal guest, but, after we had passed several Dutch sentries, who stood about the ground and at the entrances, he sighed and said,

"This is very much like living in a prison, isn't it?"

There spoke the son of the house, who was free to go and come as he pleased. I couldn't see, from what he said, that the Bentinck household or its guest was happy.

A long-bearded, gray-haired, broken man is the man who was Emperor of Germany. He might stand at the foot of any of his own statues in Germany and be unrecognized. His mustaches are no longer trained upward. They droop at the ends, and, between beard and mustache, his mouth is hidden. He might go on the streets of any city in the world; this man more photographed and painted and sculptured and statued than any other man in the world, and past unknown through the crowds. He is afraid of people. On a little separate piece of land, protected by a moat and a high wall, he spends his time in sawing logs. The Bentincks for many years have sold timber for mines. Much of it went to Belgium and Northern France. The trees which the Bentinck workmen carry to the castle grounds are sawed into mine timber by the ex-Kaiser and this timber is carried off to be sold. It is quite probable that some of it will find its way to the mines at Lens, which were destroyed by the German army.

In a little hotel at Amerongen, where the newspaper men were keeping watch on the ex-Kaiser, I saw also a worried-looking German officer in civilian clothes. He is the ex-Kaiser's physician. Once before I had seen that gentleman. It was in the winter of 1914 in the Kaiser's Palace in Berlin. I had gone there, with other correspondents, to ask about the Kaiser's health, which at that time was bad. He came to meet us then in a splendid uniform. He alighted from a magnificent motor-car, spoke with us for over five minutes, and then disappeared into the palace. To-day, sitting on this hardwood chair in the yard of this little hotel in this little country town, reading a German newspaper of antiquated date, as newspapers go, he does not seem the same man. He would talk to correspondents in those days of security. Now he dreads them and moves from his chair when they come near. He goes several times every day to attend the wife of the ex-Kaiser, whose heart is gravely affected. After each visit he returns to the hotel, sits himself down in the yard and pores over the papers from home or spends his time thinking. The only happy, lively man I saw of the Kaiser's suite was his cook. With a face that strangely resembles his master's, and with his mustaches upturned in true *kaiserliche* fashion, he goes to the village market or moves about among the villagers with happy greetings, a hero in their eyes and in his own.

The ex-Kaiser will not talk to correspondents or to anybody but his old and trusted friends. He has sent personal notes to the correspondents, saying that he can never imagine himself talking or writing for the public. All in all, I gather that he is the brokenest, the unhappiest, and most hopeless of all the fallen monarchs.

In a heedless mood you might, as a republican American, be inclined to gloat just a bit over some of the fallen, but I like loving royalty that you see in Switzerland. But this broken, fallen man is too miserable to excite anything but wonder at the very depths of his error and misery.

The driver of my car had driven the ex-Kaiser a few weeks before to see the country place which he was about to purchase; it was the only time that the ex-Kaiser had left the Bentinck estate.

"A very sick man! Suffering very much! Very old and very sick!" he told me in broken English.

Later, in Italy, at Santa Margherita, I saw the Italians follow with their glances the figure of a great tall, lanky man who walked along the country road from a suburban hotel to shop in their town. He was Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the Czar of Russia. He had once been commander-in-chief of the great Russian army. By his simple word and gesture, hundreds and thousands of men had gone to their death, he had held the destinies of millions of homes in his long, slender palms. Now he was bereft of all state and pomp and power. He did not even have an automobile. He might order, in thunderous tones, the most humble peasant to step off the sidewalk and let him pass, and that peasant need not obey. He paid his hotel bills like any other mortal, he had a few old friends with him at the hotel, trusty friends who had fled with him for their very lives from the Bolshevik-ridden Crimea. He came down to meals when the gong rang, like the rest of us, and he liked his coffee in the coffee room, with folks sitting about the various tables, smoking and chatting. He could speak English. He refused an offer to write a series of articles for *Everybody's Magazine* that would have put an ordinary person on Easy Street for several years. He simply said that anything he said or wrote would be construed as politics—and he was out of politics, in fact, had never been in it.

He was about the sixth ex-royal person who had told me he couldn't talk for publication.

I had started out determined, if possible, to get at least one king to talk. I had seen enough of royalty and heard enough to realize that they were all only a lot of a certain kind of folks, with a certain kind of education and certain sets of general ideas, like all the rest of us. I knew that a free and open talk with one of them would prove, more than anything else, that kings, after all, were only folks.

"No" did it for me, Constantine of Greece, brother-in-law of the ex-Kaiser, husband of the ex-Kaiser's sister, the temporary Episcopalian Sophia, Constantine, who was run off his throne by the Allies because he prevented Greece from coming into the war; Constantine whose second son now sits on the Athenian throne.

With a group of American correspondents who were dining at a hotel in Lucerne, I heard that ex-King Constantine was living in that same hotel. We were guests of a number of Swiss gentlemen and the dinner was going right merrily when we sent up word to the ex-king's equerry that we would like to meet the king. Word came back shortly that Constantine would receive us at 9:45, after he himself had finished dinner. One of us mentioned the fact that we ourselves would not be through dinner until 10:45. Our Swiss hosts had some speeches to make. We sent back word that 10:45 would be a better hour for us. The equerry replied that the hour we had set would be agreeable to his majesty.

At 10:30 our republican Swiss hosts enthusiastically watched their republican guests rise from the table and start for the elevator to go upstairs to talk with a king.

They bade us Godspeed, they were as interested as we.

"We'll wait right here at the table until you come back," they said.

A huge, tall, blond-headed man in a Tuxedo, a bald-headed man with a fascinating depression across his head right about his tall brow stood

waiting for us in a reception-room. We had been informed that it was the code to address him as "majesty." His hands were in his trousers pockets. You may not believe it, but he looked nervous. It seemed to me that he felt as if he were thrusting out his chest against a storm. After we had been presented, one after the other, he put his shaking hand back into his pocket, and said,

"Well, gentlemen, is there anything you would like to ask me?" I understand that you are American correspondents."

"Yes, we are admitted one of us."

"Well," said the ex-king, hitting directly on the crux of what was in the minds of some of us, "I don't want to apologize for anything I did in the war, but I do want to say that I have never been anti-Entente. I did my best to keep Greece out of the war because I thought that a little nation like Greece couldn't gain anything by going into the struggle with the great nations."

"But do you think she lost anything by coming in at last?" asked one of us. "No," he replied, "she didn't. But you see, she came in too late to be badly hurt."

That was the way the interview started. This king was very human. To speak vulgarly, like unroyal folks, he was trying to square himself with us, and, through us, with America. He asked of many things that provoked further questions on our part.

Did he like the treaty? He was in a neutral country, he said, where politics were not discussed, but did we think the treaty would end all wars?

"I understand that there are twenty-four little wars going on in the world now," he added, "I counted them up lately in the newspapers."

"And," he added, "if the League of Nations idea is good, why is it necessary for the Americans, England and France to enter into a special alliance?"

"No. There isn't, as matters are arranged now," answered Constantine.

But his next remark showed that he, like other kings that I have heard of recently in Europe, is looking forward to a new day for kings.

"I only hope," he said deliberately, "that the next elections in Greece will be fair ones, and that the people will have a chance to freely express their will at the polls. Speaking plainly, the issue is between me and Venizelos."

Wonder of wonders! A European king, member of the king-trust, going to the polls against a lawyer!

"I'm willing to abide by the decision of the Greek people. If they vote against me, I will accept their decree. But I do want to know that they will have a fair chance to vote in the elections of 1920."

"Don't you think the elections will be fair?" we asked.

He remained earnest. He turned to me and said, slowly and seriously—this man who had sat on a European throne whose father had been a king, and who had spent most of his life in the palaces of his relatives, who form the reigning houses of Europe.

"Let me tell you, I think that the monarchial idea is an exploded principle."

I think we all gasped.

After a time, one of us said, "Do you mean that the monarchial form of government is dead? Or do you mean that the idea of the divine right of kings is exploded?"

"The divine right of kings is through," he answered. "I never believed in it."

"You were personally acquainted with all the kings and queens of Europe, were you not?" I asked.

"I believe I knew them all personally," he answered.

"Did you know any of them who believed in the divine right of kings?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," he replied slowly.

"Can you tell us who it was?"

"The Kaiser and the Germans," he said. "He was the only ruler I knew who believed in the divine right of kings. None of the rest of us believed

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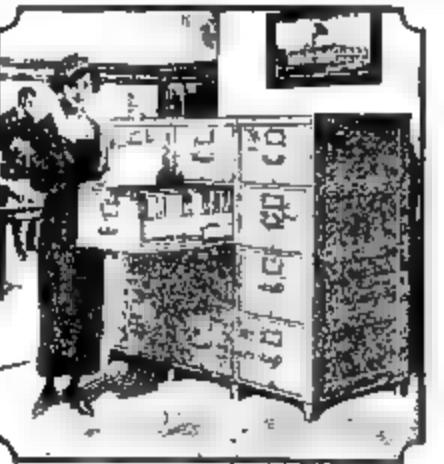
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## A New German Monarchy?

French Papers Say That Counter Revolution is in Preparation—Not Wilhelm However.

THERE is a strong impression in Europe, particularly in France, that the day is not far off when some form of monarchical Government will be again set up in Germany. It is a fact that the country is full of discontent and that the royalists who hanker for the pomp of an Imperial form of Government with the privileges and preferences that go with it, are doing all they can to create a sentiment in favor of a return to the old order.

Whether or not there is being created the machinery for a counter revolution is a matter of conjecture but it is a fact that prominent men, including Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Bethmann-Holweg are figuring prominently in movements that are openly hostile to the present Government.

Current Opinion sums up the news

that circulates in the European press as follows:

The Noske-Erzerberger combination in power has been transformed into a government of combat. It rules through the "state of siege" and it dissolves by force the organizations of the independent Socialists. It is arbitrary in its suppression of the organs of the extreme left wings. These papers are the more sought by the people the more they are persecuted. A military clique surrounds Noske, dictates its orders to him, flatters him until he thinks himself great, but imposes upon him the will of a monarchial party still behind the scenes. There is no possibility of any accord between the Socialists in power and the left wing out on the sidewalk. The dictatorship can succeed and endure only by maintaining its rule of force, and well it knows that Switzerland is filled with rumors that make the monarchical restoration seem near in Germany. The Paris

Matin has a budget of this Swiss gossip based upon the candid views of business men in the industrial regions of Germany. There are plots afoot, supported by financiers, capitalists, militarists and landed proprietors, and these plots have gone so far that one day the world will awake and note with surprise that the Hohenzollern dynasty is back. Monarchical sentiment is strong in the Fatherland, or so the French daily avers. The revolution was satisfactory to the laboring poor, but it made the "industrials" sick. There are men in obscurity who know that in a month or more they will figure brilliantly at the court of the next sovereign. He will not be William II. His flight to Holland and the weakness he showed when the militarists pressed him hard seem to have ended his career forever. Even the sincere partisans of the former Emperor, who think he has been maligned, realize the impossibility of his restoration. People remember what Bismarck said about him. There is a suspicion that the troops in the east under Von Goltz, who figure in every rumor and alarm, are all in the pay of the monarchists. They will play their part in the impending restoration when the hour strikes. There are to be san-

guinary scenes in the streets of Berlin, days of suspense, sensational dispatches to a bewildered world outside. In the end the republican setting will vanish and the trappings of monarchy must make the Germans forget the hideous Jacobin nightmare. It seems to the French daily to be all cut and dried.

Every now and then the newly-created military force is detected in a monarchical relapse. Noske threatens to punish an indiscreet officer. The troops defy him. The officers tell their men that Erzerberger and Ebert are good for nothing. These manifestations are every-day occurrences. At Berlin, at Munich, at Dresden, the soldiers get out of hand in this style instigated by royalist officers. When Noske shows his teeth, he is told that the men will not obey his orders if he does not keep his temper. If the military clique undertook to upset President Ebert and his Bauers and his Mullers, the German people would not interfere, and, suggests the *Figaro*, they would not care. The independents and the communists would certainly not let themselves be slaughtered to keep Noske going. The "National Assembly" at Weimar, President Ebert and his "ministry," represent only a provisional arrangement. The elections are to take place at the latest next spring, predicts the *Temps*, further, and a "definitive" chief magistrate will be elected by the German people on a basis of universal suffrage, masculine and feminine. The monarchists have their candidate ready. His name is well known Hindenburg. If he will not accept, it will be an easy matter to pick some other popular general out of the many grouped by the Germans among the somewhat numerous classes of heroes of the war. It need surprise nobody to see a member of some fallen dynasty elected with a roar. It must not be forgotten, says the French organ, that before November, 1918, there were no republicans in Germany. Even the most advanced Socialists did not think of modifying the form of the Government, and Bebel preferred to fight for the Marxian doctrine under the Hohenzollern banner. This is denied by the *Vorwärts*, which cites many instances to the contrary and affirms that republican ideas were part of the Socialist propaganda.

An outstanding opportunity was presented for the Government to produce an industrial community which should be, as far as reasonable economy and the urgency of the case would permit, an example to private enterprise throughout the land; which would show how, through providing proper homes for its employees, an industrial corporation could lay the foundation for a contented and efficient body of workers. It was to be a place where the worker and his family could be healthy, happy, and contented, a place where the harassing strain of ill-health and mounting doctors' bills might in great measure be eliminated, a place where the toil and drudgery of housekeeping should be reduced to its ultimate limit, and where in exchange there should be offered to the mother and her growing children new opportunities for education and development.

It was to be a place of light rooms and clean yards, with adequate playgrounds and amusement fields; a place of beauty and appropriateness and cleanliness so great that a man returning from his daily toil would receive new strength and recreation; a place where the man who could save a fraction of his income, would be able to obtain with it, for himself and for his children, a share of play and education, literature and music, and other uplifting things.

Finally it was to afford the physical plant where the worker might quietly and in comfort discuss among his fellows the problems which affect him, thus developing a co-operation, a unity, and a community of spirit between himself and his fellow-workers which would develop cordial relations between capital and labor in the industrial organization with which he is connected.

We did not expect to create a new Utopia—the realization of the fond dream of the philosophers of all ages—but we did hope to produce a community providing the opportunity for those things which are so often denied to the worker and which we all will agree are really essential for the development of a true American citizenship.

It is a few weeks less than eighteen months since the actual construction work was started at Yorkshire Village, and not much more than twenty months since Chester Allen—of Lockwood, Green & Co., Engineers—walked over the Cooper Farm with me, and we selected it as the most available site for a village. Our dreams of what a town should be have merged so quickly into what it really is, that sometimes it feels as though double the time must have elapsed.

We have in the village to-day about 1,000 houses, with playgrounds and recreation fields. The houses have no dark rooms, and they all have up-to-date sanitary and economic appliances for carrying on the domestic operations of the home. There are eight miles of streets paved with concrete, many square miles of lawn, twenty miles of

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fence and hedges and well-established trees.

There still remains to be built the one building which should have first been erected, the commercial, amusement, and community centre of this important town. Plans have been prepared, estimates have been obtained, and the money is available. From the appropriation of \$12,000,000 set aside for the creation of Yorkshire Village, there will be turned back many hundreds of thousands of dollars; and while it may be that the instructions from Congress to the Emergency Fleet Corporations, to retire from the real-estate business, may prevent the erection of that building under Government auspices, sooner or later a way must be found to provide for its erection.

Let us hope that those in authority may not lose the picture of this as an outpost in our industrial defense, and count this potential community a mere group of houses to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and thus throw away a great opportunity to show the country what an industrial community should be.

The theory of the Yorkshire town plan is that the amusement and commercial features of the village should be concentrated on the Public Square, and that therefore all roads should lead directly there or to the shipyards. These elemental considerations, together with the contours and geographical limits of the town, were re-

sponsible for the street plan of the village.

What plan shall be adopted for the future of the Village? It has been decreed that all Government housing must be sold. This place cannot be sold piecemeal. The usual rules for the disposal of real estate will not be applicable here. The integrity of Yorkshire Village must be maintained. Congress does not direct how the houses shall be sold, or to whom.

There are two plans for the sale of Yorkshire which are practical and reasonable. One is that it be sold directly to the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, which may then operate it as a company-owned town or in any other fashion it may elect. Or, the Village may be sold directly to a Yorkshire Village Company, which will operate it for, and sell it to, its inhabitants—not piecemeal, but as a whole.

With the assistance of Mr. Thomas Adams, Housing Advisor to the Canadian Government, and Mr. Lawson Purdy of New York, we have prepared for the New York Shipbuilding Corporation a plan for partner ownership of the Village, which we hope some day will be realized. It provides in the main that the Government and the Shipbuilding Corporation shall agree to a normal rental value of the town and that its present capital value be determined by working back from this total of rentals at a 12 per cent. basis, and that the difference between the

capital value and the actual expenditure be written off as a war loss.

The plan provides that the Yorkshire Village Company shall be a copartnership organization. The tenant will not become the owner in fee of the definite house in which he lives, but the occupancy thereof will be secured to him, at the rental fixed, except for non-payment of rent or acts or defaults of his tenancy to serious detriment of the property. In lieu of acquiring the deed to a particular house, he pays a given amount of capital into the company. In other words, members of the company collectively own all of the real property of the village. No member will be able to say "This house is mine"; but they all can say "These houses are ours."

The rentals being based at 12 per cent. of the capital value of the property, which is the percentage counted as reasonable among speculative builders in Philadelphia, it is obvious that under proper management each renter will be paying a sufficient amount to pay to the Government 4½ per cent. upon its mortgage and 2 per cent. on the total face of this sum in amortization of it, together with 5½ per cent. of the capital value of the property for taxes, maintenance and operation, and surplus. How much this surplus will be will depend upon the care which the tenants take of the property, the percentage of vacancies, and the efficiency of the management.

The fellow read the paper carefully, then, folding it up again, handed it back to me and, saluting politely, said it was quite in order and walked on. I waited and lit a cigarette, so as to give him time to get well ahead, as people were waiting around to see what was going to happen.

A hundred yards or so farther on I came up with him again; he was talking with three men. As I got abreast of them he stepped towards me quickly, and in an insolent tone, which was in marked contrast with his previous politeness, vociferated that I had no right to be there in uniform.

"You are in Germany now, not England, and you've got to take that off at once," he added, catching hold of the cross-strap of my Sam Browne belt.

With that the men with him came forward, and one of them—a big fellow whose face was positively blazing with hate—poked his finger roughly at my medal ribbons, and shouted: "And those, too, you cursed Englishmen."

In less time than it takes to narrate I found myself surrounded by a yelling, surging mob, men and women; where they all came from so quickly I can't imagine, unless they had been closing round me without my noticing it.

Sticks and sunshades were raised threateningly at me, and I had the unpleasant feeling that at any moment I might get a smash on the head from behind.

In the best German I could muster, and assuming a coolness which I certainly did not feel, I explained I was only in Düsseldorf for a short visit and was returning to Cologne that evening, then I elbowed myself some space, lit another cigarette, and forced my way roughly through the crowd which, strangely enough, made no attempt to stop me.

To go anywhere outside the line of Allied posts meant obtaining a special pass from the British Permit Officer and getting it "allowed" by the German authorities, who had a bureau in Cologne. No "objection" was made to my going, and I was given a typewritten note to that effect to take to the Teuton official.

Almost needless to add that this gentleman was courtesy personified, and I was not kept waiting longer than it took to make out and stamp the document which would enable me to cross the boundary-line into unoccupied Germany.

The British stamp had now to be added, and I was then free to leave. I may mention that I was strongly advised not to go in uniform if I could possibly help it, but this was unavoidable, as I had not混f with me, and, as will be seen, it was on this point that the incident I am relating came about.

Ten minutes brought me to the outlying British picket where my permit was carefully scrutinized before I was allowed to proceed. It was evidently as difficult to get out of the occupied zone as it was to get into it.

Before I had got a couple of hundred yards from the British I had the uncanny sensation of being alone in hostile country. There was no mistaking the malevolent glances I received from the rough-looking working men I met and I realized the mistake I had made in coming in uniform.

Slight as was the incident, I cannot help thinking that it was indicative of the sentiment of hatred of the Englishman that underlies the thin veneer of Hun obsequiousness in the occupied area, and which will stimulate the nation to carry on the commercial war by any means—fair or foul.

## Germany Quickly Recovering

*Industrial Activity is Very Marked—Incident Showing How Hatred of the British Grows Since the War*

THAT Germany will in a short space of time arise, Phoenixlike, from the ashes of her past commercial greatness and again occupy her former place among the big industrial nations of the world is the opinion expressed by Julius M. Price in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Price's opinion is formed from experiences gained in important industrial centres in the occupied district. Incidentally he gives us an interesting sidelight on the hatred with which the British are regarded by the Germans:

The German, he says, has always given me the impression of liking work, and hating it for its own sake—whereas the British workman only appears to work because he is actually forced to for his livelihood: downing his tools on the very stroke of the hour and leaving off on the slightest pretext.

This was particularly brought home to me during my recent visit to Cologne and the zone occupied by the British Army of the Rhine. Everywhere I went I was deeply impressed by the spectacle of a people working with feverish energy and the evident determination to make up for the lost time of the past five years.

One has not to be long in Germany to realize that she is very far from being crushed, or even unduly humiliated, by the military disasters which were supposed to have overwhelmed her.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of the present state of affairs is the manner in which it is borne home to you—and the fact that it is only gradually that you realize it. There is no trumpeting of German vitality. On the contrary.

When, for instance, one asks a manufacturer or shopkeeper how *das Geschäft* is going, in nine cases out of ten he will shrug his shoulders and tersely admit that things might be worse, though he generally does so with an air of apologetic condescension that is very irritating, giving the impression of a concealed strong man who knows his strength so well that he does not deem it necessary to rest on it when holding converse with anyone

who is obviously not so well favored by Providence.

What invariably strikes one immediately on crossing the frontier into Germany is the quite extraordinary number of factory chimneys one sees everywhere. They seem to be as

plentiful as windmills in Holland.

Every village and every town I motored through appeared to have some local industry that calls for a factory, and all of these, so far as I could judge from outward appearances, were hard at work, and there was an atmosphere of well-being which was positively disconcerting when one recalled how the Germans have been whining over the misery and dearth of everything brought about by the blockade. It has not, apparently, taken long to get over some at least of its more immediate effects.

Of slackness I saw no sign anywhere. One experienced the feeling of being in a veritable hive of industry, and from all this activity there can be but one deduction—it must perforce tend to hasten the day when Germany will again become a formidable opponent in the arena of the world's commerce, and more especially with regard to Great Britain—even if, as has been suggested, she has to recover her trade with us through roundabout and indirect routes. I noted unmistakable indications of this renascent enterprise everywhere in the occupied area.

The German is unquestionably a past-master in the art of make-believe, but there was no necessity for anything of the sort here, it was only too evident that everything was going well. There are no out-of-work doles in Germany, I believe, so all this well-being can only have been brought about by those smoking factory chimneys that disfigure the countryside everywhere around the city.

It did not take long to realize that it was impossible to form any true conception of the real state of affairs in Germany from what we saw in the occupied area. As might be expected from so servile a race as the Huns, the presence of the Allied troops had engendered an obsequiousness that was most nauseating at times. Everywhere were fawning and cringing that got on one's nerves. You felt that it

# Watch for the Next Issue of MacLean's on February 15th

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE is now launched on a new phase of its career as a semi-monthly and readers will have to wait only two weeks for the next issue. It will be out on February 15th and the editors say that in many respects it will be the best number of MACLEAN'S ever printed. In addition to the supreme interest of its contents the next number will appear in a new typographical dress.

The following are a few of the features that will be found in February 15th:

## The Grave Drug Menace

By EMILY F. MURPHY

The first of a series of sensational, but authoritative articles on the growth of the drug habit in Canada. Mrs. Murphy, who is police magistrate in Edmonton, is in a position to tell the whole story of this insidious evil and to point out the steps that must be taken to check it.

## The Mantle of Elijah

By J. L. RUTLEDGE

The story of Ernest Lapointe, M.P. for Kamouraska, who is regarded as the certain leader of the Quebec wing of the Liberal party—how he made his entry into politics and the steps by which he has since risen to a position of leadership. It is a fascinating piece of political history.

## The Land of Nanabijou

By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

There is a tremendous tract of land in Canada of unlimited agricultural possibilities that for some strange reason, has been practically overlooked by Canadians. It is the land of promise for the future, perhaps some day it will be the market basket of Canada. Mr. Jenkins tells all about this great country.

## The Story of the Allens

By FLOYD S. CHALMERS

A few years ago Jule and Jay J. Allen ran a little movie theatre in Brantford, Ontario. To-day they own or control costly theatres from one coast to the other in both Canada and the United States, valued at \$20,000,000. They have become the biggest exhibitors and distributors of moving pictures in the world. The story of how they accomplished this miracle is clearly and interestingly told by Mr. Chalmers.

## The Blood Brother

By W. A. FRASER

A virile, gripping tale of the northern mining country by this master of the short story whose "Bulldog Carney" stories were so popular with readers of MACLEAN'S last year.

## The Diamond Hunters

By HENRY P. HOLST

A story of adventure that involves two Canadian seamen in a search for diamonds in the South Seas. Two generous instalments of "The Thread of Flame" and "Spanish Doubloons" will appear.

## Just Two Weeks to Wait

February 15th issue will be for sale all over Canada on February 15th

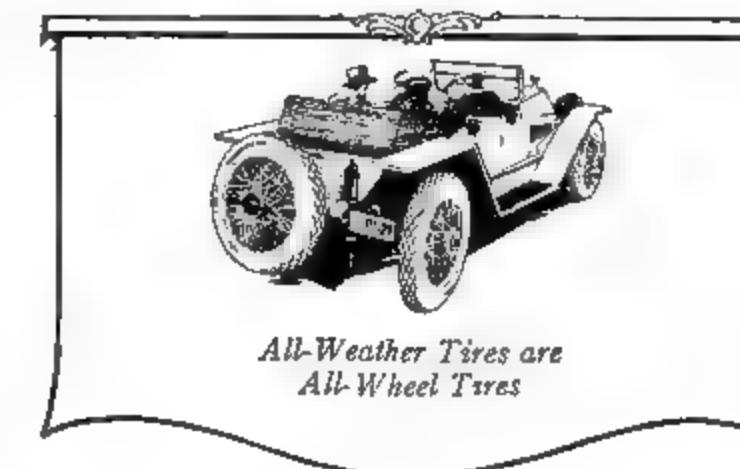


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# A World of Detail

No trouble at all

*A Canadian business man tells how he found, and got rid of, hidden losses that had been taking money out of his profits*

By F. A. TAYLOR  
of Taylor Bros., Cutlery, Hamilton, Ont.

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"Our office girl and a Burroughs were put on our costs—and with that information it was no trick at all to locate the weak spots, increase production in

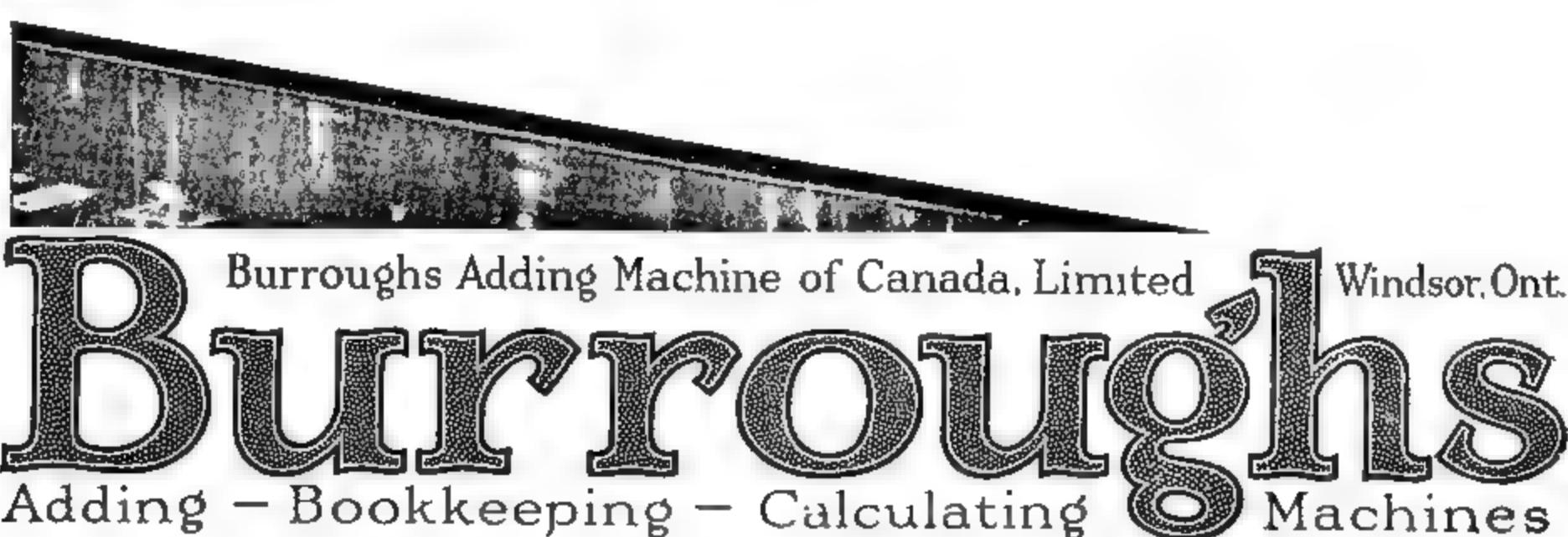
some lines and curtail it in others, cut costs in several departments where we were astounded to find that we had been losing money.

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## The Great Search at Halifax

How Bernstorff's Ship and Party Were Thoroughly Overhauled Before Proceeding to Germany

AN interesting and amusing story is told in *Blackwood's* by Rear Admiral Boyle Somerville of the methods employed to prevent the carrying of contraband and secret documents by the party of von Bernstorff after the Hun Ambassador had been given his passports by the United States Government. He calls it "The Great Search" and tells in considerable detail what happened when the *Fredrik VIII* was taken into Halifax harbor. As an evidence of the thoroughness with which certain of the less spectacular phases of war are carried out, this article is an eye-opener. He writes, in part:

It was arranged between the Governments concerned that if, on her passage to Europe, the vessel put in at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for search, she should be allowed free passage through the Allied blockade on reaching European waters, and that the "right of visit and search" on the high seas should be foregone, so that she could proceed direct to Copenhagen, her destination.

It was further arranged that sacks of diplomatic documents from Allied or neutral embassies could be carried, if they were registered and sealed at the British Embassy at Washington, and if the diplomatic messengers in charge of them received on their passports a special "visa" from our Ambassador. With the exception of these diplomatic "sacks," it was announced that every part of the great ship, every piece of luggage, every article of cargo, and every single person conveyed in her, including the crew, was liable to search.

All, all—except Count Bernstorff himself, that Sacred Ambassador; and he would be immune only if he would give (as he did give) a signed undertaking that he was not carrying on his Sacred Person documents, or, indeed, anything, either within or without it, except the clothes that covered it.

The harbor of Halifax is, in shape, long and narrow, and fairly straight. On approaching from seaward, you pass up between gradually narrowing shores, fairly high on both banks, and reach the harbor proper, after making a bend round the tail of a small slet that divides the inner from the outer part. Here within, are the town wharves, the naval dockyard, the man-of-war anchorage, and the dry dock.

Steaming straight on past them, you come to a Narrows, a couple of hundred yards wide, and on passing through it, you find you are entering on a magnificent sheet of land-locked water, deep and still, bordered with forest, and with only a few signs of human possession—Bedford Basin.

This basin was arranged to be the searching place for the *Fredrik VIII*: partly in order that the very considerable daily traffic in the harbor, both of men-of-war and merchant vessels, should not be impeded by the presence of yet another large hull, swinging round its anchor, and partly because it was very undesirable that the alien enemies conveyed in the ship, well provided as they were with eyes, prism binoculars and cameras, should thus be enabled to make a fairly leisurely study of the defences of the port, or of the arrivals and sailings (particularly of transports), that might take place during their stay in its waters.

In order to obviate, indeed, even a passing glimpse of the fortified scenery, while en route to Bedford Basin, it was stipulated and arranged before the *Fredrik VIII* left New York that she was to arrive off Halifax not earlier than 7 p.m., and thus should pass through the harbor during complete

darkness—for it was February, and there was no moon at the time. A special pilot was sent by rail from Halifax to New York to join the ship there—to make the passage in her, and to bring her straight into the harbor and on into Bedford Basin without any delay.

In spite of these precautions and of the orders, twice repeated, for the night entry, given at New York to the (Danish) captain of the *Fredrik VIII*, the vessel arrived at 9 a.m., in full daylight, and, before anything could be done to prevent it, she had come most of the way up the harbor before being turned back by the patrol vessel and given orders to wait outside until the evening.

By this means, two excellent, if fleeting views were obtained by the passengers of the defences—once on entering and once on leaving; but as all cameras and films were relentlessly collected by us later on, no permanent record remained with them to support and embellish mental impressions, and probably little advantage was derived from this characteristic outpouring of German war funds on behalf of "Intelligence."

The Great Search began at seven o'clock on the following morning.

According to international law, the right of visit and search of neutral merchant vessels in war-time by belligerents, may alone be exercised by the armed naval forces of the crown or republic, and, until the late war, on the high seas only.

It is thus illegal for a civilian, or even a civilian Department of State, to undertake such a search, and if searches were still to be made on the high seas (more especially if the sea were high), one wonders what the sentiment would be of any civilian department confronted with such a duty!

The size of modern vessels, often thirty to fifty times that of the ships of the Good Old Days, the quantity and complexity of their cargoes, the vast variety of stow-holes and "pockets," outside the legitimate holds, suitable for the conveyance of contraband, the armes of individuals they can and do carry, each one of them a possible contrabandista, have combined to render search on the high seas in these days a mere futility, and, for the mutual convenience of both hunter and prey (since escape is impossible), the operation usually takes place in harbor.

The nice point arises, however, when a vessel is brought for search into a port such as Halifax, where the government in "Dominion" has no naval forces of its own available for the purpose, as to how far, taking its stand on the sovereignty of the three-mile limit, that domination can be exercised. Who was to conduct and be in charge of the visit and search on this occasion—the British navy or the Canadian Government? The point was so nice that nothing was done to interfere with or to spoil its niceness.

A multitude (whom no man could number, as it varied from day to day), somewhere in the region of 200 officials, male and female, was sent out or lent (one never knew which) by the Canadian Government to "assist" in the search.

It will be realized that the simple sailor was, no doubt, entirely unfitted to deal with such matters as censorship of letters (in many languages), or, still more, with the laying bare of the secrets of the female Hun, of whom, in this case, considerable numbers existed. It would have spoilt his simplicity. Thus, in these two matters of languages and ladies alone, the expert and the female expert were both required, thoroughly to deal with the situation.

Besides these, sent by the Canadian postoffice and customs, respectively, were many from the police and immi-

gration departments, the latter being especially skilled in wrong 'uns and their passports.

A search of the most penetrating nature was thus possible, and very soon after it began the obviousness of its character as a naval affair forced itself to the front, for several excellent reasons.

A large passenger steamer, such as the *Fredrik VIII*, is, as everyone who has travelled by water knows, an amazing warren of passages, with ladderways, gangways, doors, skylights and hatches leading to decks, saloons, cabins and other compartments.

Not only had the person of each inhabitant of the ship (about 820 in number, including the crew,) to be examined in turn, but also the cabin and part of the ship he or she inhabited; and, as soon as the personal search was over, those who had been "gone through" (to put it vulgarly) could not be permitted to mingle with those who had not.

Similarly, access could not be granted to the great unsearched to cabins and places already scrutinized. Contraband letters, etc., would instantly have found their way into them, and the work would have been all to do again. Also, it was quite impossible to "do" the whole of the ship and passengers in one day (as a matter of fact, it took ten days), and thus arose the necessity for armed force in the form of sentries by day and by night at every possible point of access to already searched cabins, to ensure the isolation of their occupants. At one time there were forty-eight of such sentries about the ship.

This was the first of the naval reasons that manifested itself, and the second was like unto it.

Almost the first of the orders given to the *Fredrik VIII* stated that no communication of any kind whatever would be permitted between the ship and shore, whether by individuals, by letter or by telegram; and the wireless apparatus was dismantled on her arrival.

Thus was the theory of a "high seas" search maintained, and great was the discomfiture of the newspaper folk in consequence. Some of these had even taken passage in the *Fredrik VIII* from New York, intending to get off at Halifax, and thence return home full of stories. But with the *Fredrik VIII* they sailed full to the brim, yet silent—packages, as it were, of gramophone records—to Europe!

The proper carrying out of this order was ensured by more sentries, posted at every gangway, and by a constant boat-patrol. The latter, it may be said, was greatly assisted (and also circumscribed) by the Arctic conditions of the sea—the thick ice-sheet, seamed by lanes and patches of open water, entirely preventing access either by foot over the ice, or by anything that floated, except the larger-sized steam launches, capable of ice-breaking, with which there could be no secrecy of movement.

A third naval argument was conveyed and intimated by the presence of officers of the *Devonshire*, with detachments of her men under them, at every search (save those, of course, in which the *Die Frauen* were involved); as it was realized that the German official, quite properly, would consider the whole operation to be an act of war, and, as such, would resent its being undertaken by a mere civilian in plain clothes.

Practically every officer of the cruiser, of whatever branch, took part in the proceedings, with the Commander in charge. They formed the constant and accepted referees on disputed points, they gave dignity and point to the whole proceeding, and by their presence lent to the search its proper military aspect. Without them, indeed, it would have something re-



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sembled the ordeal of an emigrant steamer in peace time in the clutches of an unusually drastic Customs authority.

Of our assistant searchers, indeed, both male and female, it may be said that their inquisitiveness had its only rival in the X-ray apparatus. With long experience they insisted, for example, on the removal of all "detours," to see if, between the plate and the roof of the mouth, 'twixt false and true, there might lie any delicately secreted document. The tongue, we know, may be an unruly member, but the teeth, anyway, might be counted on for retention. In fact, from the crown of the head, including the "taking down" of the most elegant coiffure (whatever may be the German equivalent), to the sole of the foot, they investigated every possibility of the human form as a place of concealment, extending even to false toe-nails laid over the real article.

Hiding-places so recondite would scarcely have occurred to uninstructed seamen; and even in their duties as sentries they were not always so ruse as was necessary under present circumstances. One grand lady who, having been searched, was now being guarded from contact with the others, was, fortunately, caught in time by one of the officers, just succeeding in getting through the cordon. She had first attempted to do so (but unsuccessfully) by cajolery, and then in the best melodramatic manner — "Unhand me, wretch!" — was pushing past a sentry and his fixed bayonet, which the poor man felt could not suitably be used for impaling "a lady." On being stopped by the officer, she attempted tears, and adduced the necessity of going to her starving baby on the (unsearched) deck below. Inquiry then elicited that it had been—of course purposely—arranged by her that she should have her cabin on one deck, her nurse and baby on a second and her husband on a third, thus offering irresistible claims for free passage between them.

It was next found that the "baby" was a well-grown boy of three or four years, and not "starving" at all, and on his being stripped for search, before reunion with his mother, he was found to be a walking letter-box. His silken incrimine!

But it must be recorded that though none of our victims exhibited any enjoyment in the processes of investigation (in which we may sympathize), there was not usually any rudeness or opposition offered. The tenor was one rather of injured and outraged innocence, with remarks as to the absurdity of the search, and the important character given to it. One and all, however, were shocked at the irreverence shown towards the holy baggage of the Ambassador, and towards that shrine, his cabin!

Besides providing sentries and boat-patrols, the Devonshire's ship's company were engaged in overhauling every hole and corner of the ship, and in assisting the Carpenter's party in removing paneling in the cabins, opening or piercing mattresses and cushions, searching ventilating shafts (always very fruitful for letters), and going through the many hundreds of locks and drawers in the ship.

Whilst the deck hands and others were thus employed, practically the whole of the engine-room department of the Devonshire, with their officers, were engaged in the search of the coal bunkers, engines, auxiliary engines, and boilers of the *Fredrik VIII*. The coal was all turned over, the boilers were emptied and examined in turn, and the main engines and auxiliaries moved, so that any documents or other contraband which might have been concealed in them should be destroyed, or rendered illegible.

Even the cold-storage room was emptied of its contents, not unavailingly!

Letters were found in every possible part of the ship, and, together with "dental rubber" in small flat pieces, formed a large proportion of the contraband discovered.

A spare cabin in the *Fredrik VIII* was allotted to the Commander of the

Devonshire to serve as an "office," and occasionally he slept there, when night searches (usually very prolific) were to be undertaken.

One day, it occurred to him to examine this cabin and there, sure enough, in the chest of drawers and elsewhere, confident Huns, thinking that here at least, in the Hunter's very lair, there would be no searching, had hopefully "posted" the forbidden main-matter, and had deposited the illicit sabs of rubber.

The Canadian Customs searchers were quite inflexible in their condemnation of everything that could in any way be described as "contraband." Articles found on the persons of the searched, or in their cabins, were collected in separate bags, each labeled with the name of the owner and sent ashore daily to the Customs Office for closer investigation. Everything, on this second overhaul, found to be illegal contraband was placed in the Prize Court immediate y—a bourse from which no Hun traveler's goods ever returned! and all that was not so disposed of was returned to the ship.

It was stated, further, that it contained only the documents relating to some commercial business. Notwithstanding this, however, the Minister would not agree to send an agent to Halifax, who should open and examine the contents in the presence of British officials.

Probably the best "haul" of any however, was what came to be known as "The Scandinavian Trunk."

This was a brand-new steel portmanteau, of ordinary appearance and medium dimensions, found, in the normal course of search, under the bed-place in one of the cabins. On being drawn forth into the light, it was seen to be heavily sealed over the lock, there being eight or nine large imprints of the Scandinavian Consul-General at New York, on a strip of material stretched over the small elevation carrying the hasp and keyhole. A label, bearing the name and address of the passenger who claimed it, was attached to one of the handles. On being questioned, this person, a "square-head," declared that the trunk contained diplomatic documents, which he, as a "diplomatic courier," was conveying to Europe to be handed to his Government, and that, consequently, it was immune from search. Now the law and custom on such occasions is that the seal of an Ambassador or Minister is sacred, and may not be broken, but any other seal, including that of consuls and consuls-general, has no special sanctity and may be ignored, if need be, and at first it was proposed that this should be done, and the contents of the trunk revealed.

Suspicion lay on them from the outset, for, in the first place, no permit eventually, under orders from the Admiralty, the trunk (still intact) was sent across the Atlantic to their Lordships by H. M. S. *Berwick*, which vessel happened at the time to be sailing for England. It was escorted by an armed guard from the Admiralty to the Foreign Office, and dealt with there in, no doubt, fitting fashion.



## Business Dry? Not Much!

DO YOU remember wondering, when you were a little lad, what fun those great big chaps of twenty or so had? They didn't go "bobbing"—they didn't spin tops.

THEN you remember, perhaps, how, at twenty or so you rather pitied the old fellows of thirty-five or fifty who didn't dance (in those days) or do anything much.

BUT now, at thirty-five, fifty, or even sixty, you find there is plenty of interest in life. The form of fun may change, perhaps, the ideas of what constitutes fun—but fun, interest, there still is.

**Business is Rightly Called a Game**  
BUSINESS is the interest—the fun—for many of us. We enjoy playing ourselves and we enjoy reading about the play of others.

**THIS is why THE FINANCIAL POST,** dealing with business is bright, entertaining, a welcome week-end guest in some eight thousand homes.

Consider some of the articles in a recent issue:

**A PEN** picture of Lorne C. Webster, newly appointed Senator—the son of a coal merchant in Quebec, now among Canada's richest men. A man who has found time for his home and for his church. THE POST has many of these intimate sketches of Canadians and in to have many more.

**The Financial Post Editorials Have a Kick Behind Them**

**"MARSE"** HENRY WATTERSON, the famous Democrat Editor, tells in his reminiscences of being criticized for himself criticizing the Democratic party. Marse Henry replied in his paper by quoting:

"Things have come to a hell of a pass when a man can't wallop his own jackass."

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**A SCORING** of the Post-Prints Pulp & Paper Company for refusal to admit the sheriff, and in other ways prejudicing the public against the pulp and paper industry as a whole.

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**A** N editorial telling of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association's mutual insurance schemes which went wrong, and pleading for a big man to manage the C.M.A. "The most useful and necessary institution in all Canada."

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winter skin?

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Tests made with a number of well-known toilet soaps proved Fairy Soap to be the easiest-rinsing soap.

We would like to have you try Fairy's pure, perfect cleaning and its easy-rinsing for your "winter skin."

But be sure to make the trial a thorough one—both for the complexion and the bath.



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other six months' supply of food in case he decided to remain.

Travers read the letters as Peppo cooked supper. The cabogram he read through twice. Then, the letters forgotten, he sat back, dead pipe between his teeth, a far-away look in his eyes.

Not until the halfbreed called him twice, did he stir. Then he motioned the others to fall to and eat and went out into the night.

An hour later Peppo came upon him seated on a rock overlooking the valley stream. He was bowed forward. One arm was thrown about the bough, the other lay along his leg its hand clenched on a bit of crumpled paper.

He looked up slowly as the long shadow of the guide fell across the earth.

"You needn't mind packing Peppo," he said. "I am not going back yet."

The halfbreed shrugged his shoulders. "Sacré, dat make it some easier for me, den. You lak it here, I guess. You?"

"Yes," returned Travers, "it suits me all right."

"Medde you stay for de deer shoot, yet? How long? You tell me now, so I know when to come ag'in to guide you out, me."

Travers turned impatiently. "Come back in three months then. That's soon enough," he said.

"But Mother of Jesus!" exclaimed the Halfbreed, "no man nor dog team will be able to come to dis place den. In two months, mebbe you. True—no."

"Snow?"

"Plantes snow, yes, an' col' dat freeze de breath on your lip. But dat is nothing. It's de strong water, Monsieur, dat hol' de racordage of ice, dat cut canoe lak it was paper. Dere is no cross. Three tam I try et an' go back. Noudder guide try when Peppo no get throo."

Travers arose. "I know, Peppo," he said, slapping the guide on the back. "They told me at the Post that when you couldn't get through there was no use of others trying. Well," he shrugged, "come if you can. If you can't come when you can. How's that?"

"Begah, I dunno, ma."

Peppo broke off a piece of a yellow twist and crammed it into a black pipe. "Dat mebbe alright, an' mebbe all wrong, also. I try to get back when you say, all I can I dunno. Medde you make heep mistak' to stay, Monsieur. Dis pine is sommaur et lak pretty gal when you court her, all smile an' good for love. In winter she mooch lak dat gal when after you marry an' de children cry for meat an' dere not much luck at de hunt, all frown an' co." Mebbe," he added hopefully, "you marry man, yourself, no?"

Travers laughed. "No, Peppo. I'm not married, but I think I understand your smile."

Peppo shrugged, as he lit his pipe.

"To-morrow den, I go back alone to Post, me, fer more supply an' blanket, but first I set dem dam injun cut de wood for your fire. You see dey work lak hell when I'm gone. It tak plente wood to las' off I no get froo when you say. In free weeks I come ag'in. Mebbe you change your min' an' go back wit' me den, sh?"

"Perhaps," said Travers, "we'll see."

"God!" shuddered the man. But the dog sprang erect and lifted his muzzle to the stars, and from his dog's soul went forth an answering cry that had long been striving for utterance.

THE Breed turned back towards the cabin. Travers resumed his seat on the rock, the dog's head on his knee. A long time he sat gazing away across the boundless shagland of shadowed mystery, gripped in the northern silence of twilight, watching the ochre spray of the full moon retreat before the silvery haze of low-dawning stars. Then his arm tightening about the dog's neck he spoke: "Wistki, I can't do without her. I want her. We always get what we want. It's our breed. Well, stay, Wistki."

Then beneath his touch he felt the muscles of the dog at frenz, and heard her low laugh as she parted the bushes and stood beside him. On a buckskin leash she held her pet wolf.

"I heard what you just said," she spoke. "Is it me you want?"

"Yes," he answered. "It's you I want."

"Why?"

"Because I find I can't do without you," he answered, hoarsely. "That's the God's truth, Dawn."

"Then why don't you take me?" she asked.

He fisted his hands and let them fall hopelessly. "Because," he said, "always something stronger than myself holds me away from you."

She took a step nearer to him, bent and gazed into his face. In the misty light her eyes shone deep.

Then she stepped back and holding her wolf close to her, spoke. "Somethin' stronger than yourself. Yes. But you don't understand what that somethin' is, and perhaps never will. Only us who belong understand. Why, man, that somethin' is everywhere, here. It's what holds this rock from toppin' down and crushin' that poplar, that bat that's just fittin' above your head from dashin' against a tree, that dog of yours from leap'n' at Grayloo and tearin' her throat out. You best go back," she said, with fine scorn, "to the place you know, and fit, the place where you can get what you want—when you want it."

"If you will come with me," said Travers, "I will go gladly. I will leave Sogasag Valley to your people. You will have everything that money can obtain for you."

"So," she said softly, "that is your breed, is it?" Oh," she cried, a tremor in her voice, "you must have gone back a long, long way."

"To hell with breed!" growled Travers, springing up. He took a quick step towards her and paused as she held up her hand. "For God's sake come with me!" he pleaded.

"But I can't go with you."

"Then I'll stay until you love me enough to go," he told her.

She shook her head. "No, you will stay until you love me enough not to ask me to go," she said. "Do you know why?"

"Because I am stronger than you, just as my wolf is stronger than your dog."

"I don't understand."

"Then stay and try to understand," she whispered, and was gone.

HE stood, dazed, where she left him, his hand in mist and groping at the hazy light that entrapped him. Then he opened his left hand and smoothed out the crumpled cablegram.

The hand crept from the bramble and cringed at his feet. The dog's kingly bearing had given place to slinking furtiveness, his head and tail were carried low and as the shifting eyes flashed upward to his master, the whites gleamed pale-green as frozen pools set in snow. Travers glanced down at him, failing to mark the change in the animal's bearing.

"I am head of my house now, Wistki," he spoke. "We ought to go home. But we won't, not yet. We'll stay and get what we want, old timer. We'll run true to breed."

Across the silent night, like a cry of quavering life from the womb of mystery came wafted the faint call of a lone timber wolf.

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who contribute, either directly or indirectly, either mentally or physically, to the sum total of our needs in living. Wouldn't that cover it?"

I admitted that it might.

"And those who don't do that, who merely live on what others produce, seem to be excluded from the privilege of helpfulness."

"I can't see that. They help with their money."

"Money can't help, except indirectly. It's the great mistake of our philanthropies to think we can. We make a great many mistakes, but we make more in our philanthropies than anywhere else. We've never taken the pains to study the psychology of help. We think money the panacea for every kind of need, when as a matter of fact it's only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. If you haven't got the grace the sign rings false, like an imitation coin."

"Well, what is the grace?"

"Oh, it's a good many things—a blend of which, I suppose, the main ingredient is love." She gave me a wistful half smile, as she added "Love is a very queer thing—I mean this kind of big love for—just for people. You can always tell whether it's true or false, and the less sophisticated the people the more instinctively they know. If it's true they'll accept you; if it's only pumped up, they'll shut you out."

"I'm sure you ought to know."

"I do know. I've had a lot of experience—in being shut out."

"You?"

She nodded toward Drinkwater and Miss Blair. "They don't let me in. In spite of all I try to do for them they're only polite to me. They'll accept this kind of thing; but I'm as far outside their confidence—outside their hearts—as a bird in a cage, as I've called myself, in outside a flock of nest-builders."

"And assuming that that is so—though I do not assume it—how do you account for it?"

"Oh, easily enough! I'm not the real thing I never was—not at the Settlement—not now—not anywhere or at any time."

"But how would you describe the real thing?"

"I can't describe it. All I know is that I'm not it. I'm not working for them, but for myself."

"For yourself—how?"

"To fill in an empty life. When you've no real life you seek an artificial one. An everyone rejects the artificial you get rejected. That's all."

"What would you call a real life—for yourself?"

The fierceness with which she had been speaking became intensified, even when tempered with her diffident half smile.

"A life in which there was something I was absolutely obliged to do. I begin to wonder if parents know how much of the zest of living they're taking away from their children by leaving them, as we say, well provided for. When there's nothing within reason you can't have, and nothing within reason you can't do—well, then, you're out of the running."

"Is that the way you look at yourself—an out of the running?"

"That's the way I am."

"And is there no means of getting into the running?"

"There might be if I wasn't such a coward."

"If you weren't such a coward what would you do?"

"Oh, there are things. You've you've found them. I would do like you."

"And do you know what I'm doing?"

"I can guess."

"And you guess—what?"

"It's only a guess—of course."

"But what is it?"

She rose with a weary gesture. "What's the good of talking about it? A knight in disguise remains in disguise till he chooses to throw off his incognito."

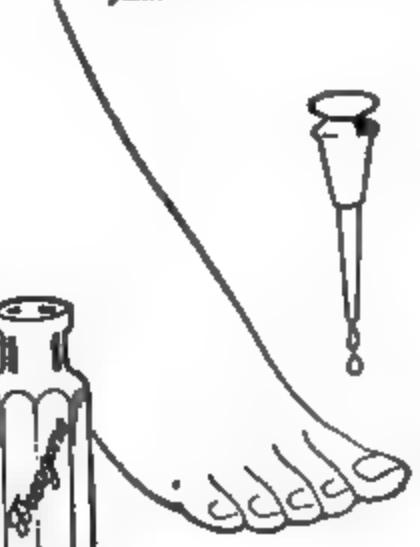
"And when he has thrown it off—what does he become then?"

"He may become something else—but he's—he's none the less—a knight."

## Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.



Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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3 blocks from Grand Central Station.



We stood looking at each other, in one of those impasses of mutual frankness that are not without danger.

"And if there was a knight who— who couldn't throw off his incognito?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Then I suppose he'd always be a knight in disguise—something like Lohengrin."

"And what would Elias think of that?"

Seeing the implications in this indirect question even before she did, I felt myself flush hotly. I admired the more, therefore, the ease with which she carried the difficult moment off. Moving a few steps toward Drinkwater and Miss Blair who were shutting up the tea-basket, she threw over her shoulder

If there was an Elias I suppose she'd make up her mind when the time came."

She was still moving forward when I overtook her to say.

"I wish I could speak plainly."

She stopped to glance up at me. "And can't you?"

"Were you ever in a situation which you felt you had to swing alone? You know you could get help, you know you could count on sympathy; but whenever you're impelled to appeal for either something holds you back."

"I never was in such a situation, but I can imagine what it's like. May I ask one question?"

I felt obliged to grant the permission.

"Is it of the nature of what is generally called trouble?"

"It's of the nature of what is generally called misfortune."

"And I suppose I mustn't say so much as that I'm sorry."

"You could say that much," I smiled, "if you didn't say any more."

She repeated the weary gesture of a few minutes earlier, a slight tossing outward of both hands, with a heavy drop against the sides.

"What a life!"

As she began to move on once more I spoke as I walked beside her.

"What's the matter with life?"

Again she paused to confront me. In her eyes gold lights gleamed in the brown depths of the irises.

"What sense is there in a civilization that cuts us all off from each other? We're like prisoners in solitary confinement—you in one cell and Boyd in another and Lulu in another and I another, and everybody else in his own or her own, and no communication or exchange of help between us. It's—monstrous!"

The half-choked passion of her words took me the more by surprise for the reason that she treated me as if the defects of our civilization were my fault. Joining Lydia Blair and taking her by the arm she led the way back to the motor, while I was left to pilot Drinkwater who carried the tea-basket. During the drive back to town our hostess scarcely spoke, and not once to me directly.

XI.

BUT I was troubled by all this, and I puzzled. That I couldn't afford the complication of a love-affair will be evident to anyone; but that a love-affair threatened was by no means clear.

As far as that went it was as fatuous on my part to think of it as it would have been for Drinkwater, except in so far as it involved danger to myself.

For a few hours that danger did not suggest itself. That is I was so busy speculating as to Mildred Averill's meaning that I had no time to analyze the way I was taking it. Weighing her words, her impulses, her impatience, I saw no more than that she might be offering her treasures at the feet of a wooden man, a carved and painted figure, without history or soul.

That is, unless I mistook her meaning as Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*!

There was that to it too. It was the aspect of the case on which I dwelt all through my lonely dinner I had not forgotten Boyd Averill's reception of me on the Sunday of the lunch I never should forget it. There is something in being in the house of a man who is anxious to get you out of it unlike any other form of humiliation. The very fact that he refrains from pointed-

ly showing you the door only gives time for the gnawing to sink in. Nothing but the habit of doing certain things in a certain way carried me through those two hours, and enabled me to take my departure without incivility. On going down the steps the sense that I had been kicked out was far more keen than if Averill had given way to the actual physical grossness.

Some of the feeling, I admit, was fancied. It was due to the disturbed imagination natural to a man whose mental equipment has been put awry. Averill had been courteous throughout my visit. More than that, he was by nature kindly. Anywhere but in his own house his attitude to me would have been cordial, and for anything I needed he would have backed me with more than his goodwill.

Nevertheless, that Sunday ranked as a poisoned memory, and one from which I found it impossible wholly to dissociate any member of his family. Though I could blame Mrs. Averill a little, I could blame M. as Averill not at all, and yet she belonged to the household in which I had been made to feel an unwelcome guest. That in itself might give me a clue to her sentiment toward me.

As I went on with my dinner I came to the conclusion that it did give me such a clue. I was the idiot Malvolio thinking himself beloved of Vio. Where there was nothing but a balked philanthropy I was looking for a tender heart. The dictionary teemed with terms that applied to such a situation, and I began to keep them on myself.

I heaped them on myself with sense not of relief but of disappointment. That was the odd discovery I made, as much to my surprise as my chagrin. Falling in love with anybody was no part of my programme. It was out of the question for obvious reasons. In addition to these I was in love with someone else.

That is to say, I knew I had been in love, I knew that in the portion of my life that had become obscured there had been an emotional drama of which the consciousness remained. It remained as a dream remains when we remember the vividness and forget the facts—but it remained. I could view my personality somewhat as you view a country-side after a storm has passed over it. Without having witnessed the storm you can tell what it was from the havoc left behind. There was some such havoc in myself.

Just as I could look into the glass and see a face young, haggard, handsome, if I may use the word without vanity, that seemed not to be mine, so I could look in my heart and read the suffering of which I no longer perceived the causes. It was like looking at the scar of a wound received before you can remember. Your body must have bled from it, your nerves must have ached, even now it is numb or sensitive; but its history is lost to you. It was once the outstanding fact of your childhood existence; and now all of which you are aware is something atrophied, lacking, or that shrinks at a touch.

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feverish turn, ran through my mind, till by the time I went to bed love no longer seemed impossible. It was appalling, and yet it had a fascination.

It was fascination enough to set me to wondering how I could meet Mildred Averill again. Not that I thought of making love to her. All I wanted was to test myself. I forgot that she might have an interest in me, or, if I didn't quite forget it, I thrust it out of sight as hunting too much at Mervol.

The appeal she made to me was that of some tempting thing absolutely out of reach. Because you adm're a picture on the wall of a museum it does not follow that you're in of acquiring it for private ownership. Moreover, because her attractions did not lie on the surface, her portrait was the more seductive. On the surface she was all monochrome, but it is the untraced eye that revels in obvious decoration. Only taste does justice to the masterpiece in one smooth tone. When beneath that tone there are the dragons and chrysanthemums which only the gaze of the real lover of beautiful things is ever likely to detect, one gets that joy of the connoisseur which the connoisseur alone appreciates.

As far as they carried a fashionable tag it was musical. Mrs. Averill had a box at the opera, and was seen at all the great concerts. She entertained all the great singers and all wandering celebrities of the piano and violin. Before she went to Europe she had begun to make a place for herself with her Sunday afternoons, at which one heard the most renowned artists of the world singing or playing for friendship's sake. She might by now have been one of the most important hostesses in New York in her own particular line had it not been for her constitutional weakness in "chucking things."

She had always chucked things just when beginning to make a success of them. She had chucked her career as a girl in good society in order to work for the concert stage. She had chucked the concert stage in order to marry a rich man. She had chucked the advantages of being a rich man's wife while in the full tide of social recognition. With immense ambitions, she lacked steadiness of purpose, and so, according to Miss Blair, she was always "getting left." Getting left implied that as far as New York was concerned, Lulu Averill was nowhere, when she might easily have been somewhere, with a consequent feeling on her part of boredom and disappointment.

It reacted on her husband in compelling him to work in unsettled conditions, and without the leisure and continuity so essential to research. Miss Blair's expression was that the poor man never knew where he was at. Adoring his wife, he was the more helplessly at her beck and call for the reason that he had long ago come to the knowledge that his wife didn't adore him. Holding her only by honoring her whims, he was just now struggling with her caprice to go back to the concert stage again.

It was one of my rare visits to Miss Flowerdew's dark front parlor of which Drinkwater had the key, and I

was making the call for a purpose. I knew there were certain afternoons when Miss Blair "breasted it" as she expressed it, to give some special lesson to her pupil, and I had heard once or twice that on such occasions Miss Averill, too, had come to lend him her encouragement. Nominally she brought a cylinder from which Drinkwater was to copy the letters her brother had dictated, but really her mission was one of sympathy. Seeing the boy in such good hands, and happy in his lot, I had the less compunction in leaving him alone. I left him alone, as I have said in order not to be identified more than I could help with two stenographers.

My visit of this day was notably successful, in that I obtained from Miss Blair her own summing up of the social position of the Averill family. Nominal she was that of some tempting thing absolutely out of reach. Because you adm're a picture on the wall of a museum it does not follow that you're in of acquiring it for private ownership. Moreover, because her attractions did not lie on the surface, her portrait was the more seductive. On the surface she was all monochrome, but it is the untraced eye that revels in obvious decoration. Only taste does justice to the masterpiece in one smooth tone. When beneath that tone there are the dragons and chrysanthemums which only the gaze of the real lover of beautiful things is ever likely to detect, one gets that joy of the connoisseur which the connoisseur alone appreciates.

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which one heard the most renowned artists of the world singing or playing for friendship's sake. She might by now have been one of the most important hostesses in New York in her own particular line had it not been for her constitutional weakness in "chucking things."

Having read of the artist's triumph, I pray you then to turn over the pages of the faithful chronicle of his career, and here you will find a brief chapter which deals with his private life and with his happiness. You will see that at the end of this self same year 1862, the Register of St. Giles Cripplegate, contains the record of a marriage between Thomas Betterton, actor of the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Mary Joyce Sanderson of the aforesaid parish of St. Giles'.

That this marriage was an exceptionally happy one we know from a number of data, minutes and memoranda supplied by Downes and others that Master John Honeywood was present at the ceremony itself we may be allowed to guess. Those of us who understand and appreciate the artist's temperament will readily agree with the worthy clerk when he said that it cannot be judged by ordinary standards. The long and successful career of Thomas Betterton and of Mistress Sanderson his wife, testify to the fact that their art in no way suffered, while their souls passed through the fiery ordeal of passion and of sorrow, but rather that it became ennobled and purified until they themselves took their place in the heart and memory of the cultured world among the immortals.

THE END

## In the Days of Anarchy

Continued from page 18

A list of houses with rooms to rent. Every place I went had either just been given or the price was so prohibitive that I could not consider it. On my husband rejoining me which he was able to do with quiet convenience, just four days before the arrival of the Germans in Bucharest, he procured for us two rooms in a Jewish quarter of the town, and there we remained until February, 1917.

### Fuel From Bread Cakes

THE course of the war was going most disastrously against unfortunate Roumania. Things had come to such a pass that it was feared the Court and Government would be obliged to retire to Russia. My husband was named on a commission to visit the principal towns of Southern Russia and to inquire into what arrangements could be made with that object in view in case of last necessity. During his absence I found myself without fuel, a load of wood which had been promised me had failed to arrive; the last armful of green wood, cut to the size of matches, was smoking in the stove. Friends, however kind could not be importuned as all were suffering from the cold of the most terrible winter that Roumania had known for over twenty years. In my despair I thought myself that on the outskirts of Jassy there was a factory where they pressed oil from sunflower seeds. The residue was made into round, thin cakes which burned splendidly and gave out considerable heat. Through the kindness of the Naval Department, I obtained the services of two sailors and a cart and proceeded to the factory. On requesting the manager to sell me a quantity of the cakes he replied that the Government had just requisitioned the factory and that it would be impossible for him to sell to private individuals. However, I so persisted that finally in order to get rid of me, he said "Well, I'll give you 600 if you have anything to take them away in," thinking such a thing would be impossible. What was his amazement when I quickly called in the sailors, and, pointing to the nearest pile told them that they could begin to load the cart. His only objection, in the face of this unexpected situation, was to charge me good and plenty, which he proceeded to do. The cakes weighed about a kilo a piece and the price of the quantity I took would amount in Canadian money to about \$100. This was sufficient to heat three rooms for about a week.

If these were the sufferings of people in good health and well provided with money, I am sure I need not picture to you the condition of those who were ill or poor—or even the wounded in that very hospital. When the soldiers had their blood stained uniforms removed there was absolutely nothing to cover them sometimes but the cloak of some kind hearted nurse. Many times I have seen a poor unfortunate sink down upon the snow in the broad daylight on the main street, never to rise again. Old men, dragging their feet, wrapped in sackcloth and padded with straw over the icy pavements, searched very often in vain, for crusts and bones thrown away by someone more fortunate than

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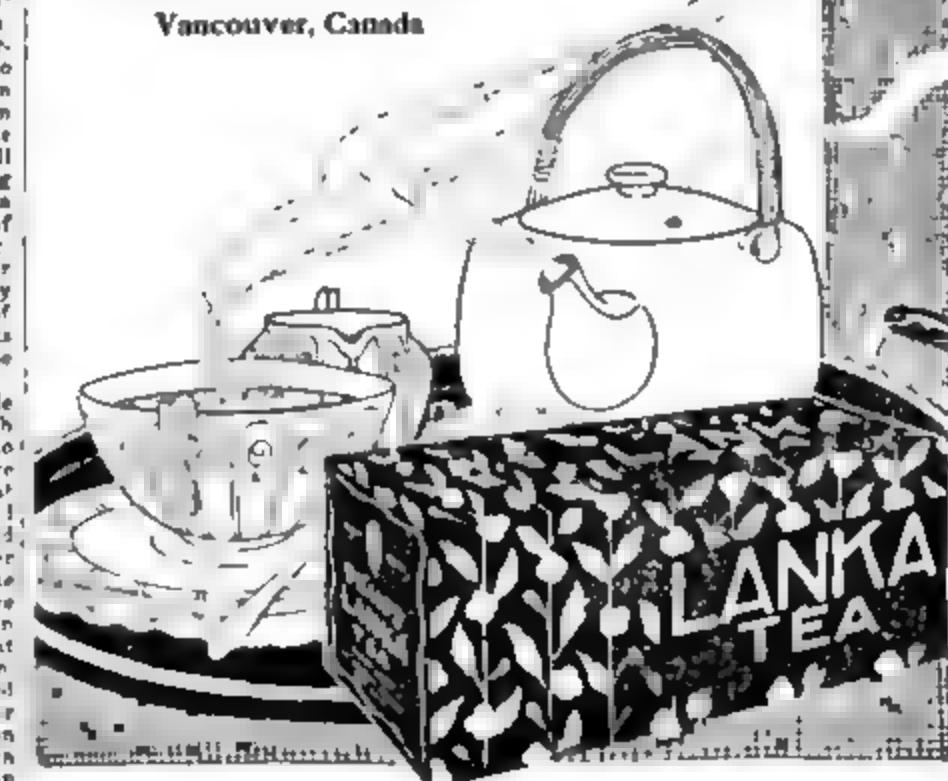
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of history, of which Master Honeywood's narrative forms an integral and pathetic part. One of these pages will reveal to you that which you wish to know. Thereon you will see recorded the fact that after a brief and distinguished visit during that summer to the city and university of Stockholm, where honours without number were showered upon the great English actor, Mr. Betterton came back to England, to the delight of an admiring public, for he was then in the very plenitude of his powers.

Having read of the artist's triumph, I pray you then to turn over the pages of the faithful chronicle of his career, and here you will find a brief chapter which deals with his private life and with his happiness. You will see that at the end of this self same year 1862, the Register of St. Giles Cripplegate, contains the record of a marriage between Thomas Betterton, actor of the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Mary Joyce Sanderson of the aforesaid parish of St. Giles'.

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THE END

## His Majesty's Well-Loved

Continued from page 17

### Epilogue

RING down the curtain. The play is ended. The actors have made their final bow before you and thanked you for your plaudits. The chief player—a sad and lonely man—has for the nonce spoken his last upon the stage.

All is silence and mystery now. The lights are out. And yet the audience lingers on, loath to bid farewell to the great artist and to his minor satellites who have helped to wile away a few pleasant hours. You, dear public, knowing so much about them, would wish to know more. You wish to know—and I am not mistaken—whether the labour of love wrought by good Master Honeywood did in due course bear its fruitfulness. You wish to know—or am I unduly self-flattered?—whether the play of passion, of love and of revenge, set by the worthy clerk before you, had an epilogue—one that would satisfy your sense of justice and of mercy.

Your humble and obedient servant,

John Honeywood.

Then, I pray you, turn to the pages



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they. It is the most despising person in the world to be surrounded with such buffoons and be unable to stretch out a helping hand.

**The First News of Revolution**

AT the beginning of March my husband returned from Odessa. During all his absence I had thought no news, so I was an added surprise to see him arriving half dead, weary with a large supply of letters and to hear him giving news of the comfort of living in Southern Russia. During the journey he had witnessed along the route great piles of arms and provisions which were apparently neglected entirely by the Russians and a clearer examination revealed that their destination was Bessarabia. After reading his report on the subject the Prime Minister requested my husband to go to Odessa and organize these vital important transports. When I heard of our great good fortune my joyful anticipations of comfort and plenty were temporarily quelled by deep misgivings about the details of our safety—fear, as yet unvoiced, founded.

After unavoidable difficulties and delays a three day journey brought us to Odessa about midnight of the 24th, preceding the great Revolution. The city was so crowded at that moment that we were obliged to remain in the station, and for three weeks lived in the port on a Russian steamer which had been transformed there to escape the Germans, before we could find room in the town. The first news of the Revolution was received with incredulity. For several days we were uncertain as to how the troops stood in Odessa and what act General Mark, who was in command, decided to throw his lot in with the Revolutionaries and I witnessed the first procession of soldiers in favor of the Revolution, several thousand strong. It was as a parade to welcome the Tsar except for the red flags carried by each soldier. Along the route there were crowds of cheering citizens, young boys and girls joined hands and danced on either side of the marching troops, singing national anthems.

The first few months of the new regency were decidedly favorable to the Allies and the progress of the war. The joy and gaiety of the crowds was turning to a sadness every day was a holiday. The young military men in Odessa were still in their pre-revolutionary posts, and co-operated with the Romanians and French missions. Gradually, however, the moderate spirit which informed the first revolutionaries such as Lvov, Mukhov, gave way to more violent partisans of complete change. The garrison men of Russian soldiers were convinced that if they were not at home when the wonderful scheme of land division took place they would not get their fair share. Therefore, they began to leave the trenches by thousands, attempting either by foot or by rail to regain their native villages. Then, too, the German spies did their work well and in feigning with the Russians persuaded them that it was useless to fight any longer.

The Russian troops, especially those from former Bulgarian provinces, that were in closest connection with the Russians, began in their turn to be infected with Bolshevik doctrinaire. Hundreds of Russian deserters began to flock into Odessa. They were received with open arms by their Russian brethren. Wohl, apprised of the many, they began a crusade among their wounded compatriots in the hospital and finally formed themselves into a regiment. The Russian Legion of Death. This regiment patrolled the streets in all the Russian provinces which were frequent. They were repulsed by their red antipathy to the town, which was entirely Jewish, a backwater and crossbones, and Reden, sang mare in lines such as "Death to King Ferdinand," "Down with the Czars." For that matter, there were lines of banners used in these demonstrations, all with blood, lightning and thunder devices on them.

It was at this time that Kerensky

visited Odessa. He addressed a monster meeting in the beautiful opera house. I saw him as he sat surrounded by a mob of shouting soldiers. He was a man now dressed in uniform. The impression which remained with me was of his shining eyes, which seemed to have absolutely a hypnotic effect on all who came in contact with him. His speech had been received with great enthusiasm because in it, among other assurances, was the pronouncement he declared that in view of a being equal, the subjects would no longer be a god to us, we should no longer address them in any more respectful way than they would talk about them as ordinary men to be treated as "vulgar."

**Was in the Service of Odessa**

THE Province of Southern Russia, of which Kiev and Odessa are the principal cities, was formerly known by the name of Ukraine. The masterful revolutionaries, led by Democritus, who was a party to reassert the nationality of the Little Russians under the name of Ukrainians and opposed themselves to the extreme party which were now known as Ruthenians, a name derived from the Russian word "Ruth" which means great or big. The Ruthenians were the Magyars or Rednas, the extreme party, while the Ukrainians represented the views of the moderates. They chose as their colors green and one could distinguish in the street the soldiers who were the Ruthenians or Ukrainians by the color of the band worn on the left arm. Sympathy with either side could easily be induced by a few hundred rounds.

In February 1917 these two parties came to blows. During three days and nights they fought each other desperately for the possession of Odessa. We noticed great excitement one Sunday morning. From our windows we could see small detachments of cavalry riding by. Arms reared with guns, trucks with bayoneted sabers, several large cannoneers dragged by sailors from the port. Despairing firing during the night had become so frequent that we paid no attention to it but next morning a bare side of park benches across the street in front of our house and two small cannons placed on the base of the statue of Pushkin before the door convinced us that a serious affair was afoot. Cautionary reconnoitring showed us that the Reds were in possession of our neighborhood. Small firing began and lasted unceasingly for several hours. Our house was pelted with hundreds of shots the basement window walls were converted into trenches. The second day a business-like tank rushed up and down firing in every direction. We could see the Red Guards harass from a nearby hospital come out with a stretcher and a white flag to pick up the fallen. The Ukrainians seemed to be getting the best of it when the Reds had a brilliant inspiration. Their party had the strongest man's support of the sailors in the harbor. These maneuvered their ships to the quay and began to fire the heavy cannons straight up the principal street. The sailors were frantic with rage and locked upon Odessa as a sacred place to spot, they had no care for the preservation of its buildings of monuments.

The vibration from the first shot of the big guns shattered our front windows to pieces. It was as though a big hand had passed through the centre of us, where the resistance was the strongest and broken the panes in every direction all around. To vary the monotony we received visits from bands of sailors in cursing their entry with the song of hunting for fire-arms presented themselves with numerous scimitars from our sparsely furnished home. Fortunately we had plenty of provisions in the house. Many friends were afoot started before they could venture out in search of food. The Reds finally won the day and from then on it was a reign of terror. It was estimated at the time that about 15,000 Russian officers were in hiding in the town, while 5,000 extremists worked their will on the absent population. The first act of the new rule



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or any other house  
appliance, will assure  
to me, by night, Among him to sit  
down at the table. I enjoyed the smell  
of his coat. He told me that some  
Romanian friends had survived in  
during the war and were killed.

They had sent him to ask my advice  
as to whether they should return them  
up to Romania who had published  
and passed all over the town

a notice saying that if the Romanian  
men would offer themselves to him  
to go to them they would be treated  
and darkness hung that if they did  
not do so the worst might be expected  
on their discovery. We engaged in  
various conversation in French with  
the young man I heard the soldier  
rapping on the door with the butt of  
a gun, which was the signal of the  
arrival of a Bolshevik band. Resistance,  
of course, was useless. I told the  
servant to open the door.

Immediately a band of about a dozen  
rough fellows entered the room. Their  
leader, appearing the taller where I  
was sitting, addressed me in Russian.  
I replied in French that my Russian  
was not sufficiently good to sustain a  
conversation. Then a voice from the  
background called out, "The can  
speak Romanian all right," this coming  
from an ex-Romanian soldier who  
had been made a traitor. However, an  
interpreter came forward and the con-  
versation was continued in French.  
The first question asked was

"Where is your husband?" I replied  
that I did not know. "When did you last see him?" I said that three days before he had left  
the house to go to the hospital for  
treatment, and since then I had not seen him.

Turning to the young man who was  
sitting at the table, they inquired  
"Who is this?"

My heart sank when to my amazement I heard him reply, "Do not dare  
to touch me. I am a British subject." I was convinced that the poor young  
man had run out of his mind as I  
had not heard him say one word of  
English but on demand I produced  
a paper from his pocket proving he  
was a British subject born in Malta,  
although he was unable to speak English.  
Showing irrefutable proof of his  
British citizenship the Bolsheviks  
released their hold on him. Through  
luck to some, he felt that during  
the war was the better part of years and  
had disappeared from the house. Later  
on his unwavering friendship  
was of great value to our colony.

The band were all armed with guns  
and at least two revolvers each. These  
useful men, most of them men from  
the United States, were fastened with  
buttons stamped with George Washington  
and the American flag, and they  
were decorated by band arm bands  
bearing the names of their regiments.  
They came at least two to a car and  
sat in the head bays. After a few  
moments an ex-soldier remnant  
of the Forces of France. At this  
moment however the band, the side  
of the station did not appear to me.  
They proceeded to search every corner  
of the house, seizing all the papers  
they could find in their hands and  
heavily stamping along with them out  
doors. The man had been with us  
for many years, and I had no doubt  
of the official he bore us, but I  
greatly feared that he would be held  
or tortured into revealing the place  
of refuge of my husband, whom he  
had to myself was the only person in  
the house to know of. A few hours  
later he returned, white to the skin.

They had not offered him food, but

was to the up the state of Catherine

the Great in seeking a place to visit  
the wife of one of all the hats.  
I would like to mention here the  
"Women's Battalion of Death" which  
fought so well for the Allies at the  
time of the war. They rank beside  
the Scottish Women's Motor Corps as  
the women military bottoms of the  
Great War. None were taken prisoner  
as a last resource they carried on  
in their persons a dose of arsenic  
potassium which they judged them-  
selves to use as a poison gas on entering  
the battle. I saw the funeral

of some who died in the Odessa fight.  
We never learned the exact cause, as  
but a number of cases came to  
such a tragic end.

The Bolsheviks buried them

in the earth, though he was hourly expect-  
ing he would be sent to the morgue.  
One day when at lunch I received a  
visit from a young man who was known  
to me by sight. Asking him to sit  
down at the table. I enjoyed the smell  
of his coat. He told me that some  
Romanian friends had survived in  
during the war and were killed.

They had sent him to ask my advice  
as to whether they should return them  
up to Romania who had published  
and passed all over the town

a notice saying that if the Romanian  
men would offer themselves to him  
to go to them they would be treated  
and darkness hung that if they did  
not do so the worst might be expected  
on their discovery. We engaged in  
various conversation in French with  
the young man I heard the soldier  
rapping on the door with the butt of  
a gun, which was the signal of the  
arrival of a Bolshevik band. Resistance,  
of course, was useless. I told the  
servant to open the door.

Immediately a band of about a dozen  
rough fellows entered the room. Their  
leader, appearing the taller where I  
was sitting, addressed me in Russian.  
I replied in French that my Russian  
was not sufficiently good to sustain a  
conversation. Then a voice from the  
background called out, "The can  
speak Romanian all right," this coming  
from an ex-Romanian soldier who  
had been made a traitor. However, an  
interpreter came forward and the con-  
versation was continued in French.  
The first question asked was

"Where is your husband?" I replied  
that I did not know. "When did you last see him?" I said that three days before he had left  
the house to go to the hospital for  
treatment, and since then I had not seen him.

Turning to the young man who was  
sitting at the table, they inquired  
"Who is this?"

My heart sank when to my amazement I heard him reply, "Do not dare  
to touch me. I am a British subject." I was convinced that the poor young  
man had run out of his mind as I  
had not heard him say one word of  
English but on demand I produced  
a paper from his pocket proving he  
was a British subject born in Malta,  
although he was unable to speak English.  
Showing irrefutable proof of his  
British citizenship the Bolsheviks  
released their hold on him. Through  
luck to some, he felt that during  
the war was the better part of years and  
had disappeared from the house. Later  
on his unwavering friendship  
was of great value to our colony.

The band were all armed with guns  
and at least two revolvers each. These  
useful men, most of them men from  
the United States, were fastened with  
buttons stamped with George Washington  
and the American flag, and they  
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selves to use as a poison gas on entering  
the battle. I saw the funeral



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to save the money you  
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had held a revolver to his head, saying that he would be shot if he did not reveal the secret. He had not done so, and had so earnestly professed his ignorance that they let him go on his promising that if he learned anything he would immediately tell them. He also had expressed the most hearty adherence to revolutionary ideas. While he was before the Soviet a comrade of his was led out and shot in the courtyard.

Sentries were posted about the house so that I could no longer leave it for fear of being followed.

### My Husband Given Himself Up

MY husband, with the help of friendly Consuls, had been making, as before every effort to free his fellow citizens and get news of our plight to Jassy. Failing in his endeavor, and anxious for the safety of his family, he decided to offer himself voluntarily as a hostage to Rackovski. This act won him the consideration of his enemies even, and had momentarily a beneficial effect on the general situation.

Several women, whose husbands were absent from Odessa, were arrested and kept prisoners in their homes for days. Friends coming to bring them food were caught in the trap and taken to prison. Efforts to hide money and jewellery taxed their ingenuity to the utmost. One friend while arrested never combed her hair during five days, as her jewels were concealed in its luxuriant coils. Others sewed money into the trimmings of their hats or the hems and sleeves of their frocks, some buried their rings in flower pots. One woman hid her diamonds in a ball of wool which rolled on the floor a plaything for the kitten while she knitted like Penelope—unraveling her work at night. She saved them, but four thousand dollars she had concealed in a wood pile disappeared. In searching the houses the Bolsheviks got very cunning and ran their bayonets through sofa cushions and mattresses, even stripping the paper from the walls, and oh giving the inmates of the house to remove their shoes and stockings in their presence.

About this time Rackovski instituted a determined organized requisition of all money belonging to the Roumanian Government at Odessa. A sum equal to about three and a half million dollars, deposited in one of the Consulates, was his most successful find.

### I Meet Rackovski

SHORTLY after my husband's imprisonment I went to see the Consul to ask him to obtain permission for me to visit my husband in prison and to take him extra clothing and food. My friend informed me that at that very moment Rackovski was in his private office and advised me to ask him for this favor myself.

"He is in a good humor, I fancy," he added, "counting his lions."

Curiosity overmastered my reluctance to interview this extraordinary personage. I entered the little private office of the Consul. Sitting before the desk I saw a small, thin, bearded man, whose bright and piercing eyes were bent frowningly upon me. On addressing him in English, however, his face relaxed. He replied in the same language, speaking with a pure accent and fluency, and, after a few moments' conversation, actually bade me take a seat. My fascinated eyes were riveted on the desk which was piled a foot deep with bank notes of every color and description. He graciously granted my request and even shook hands with me at my departure. Nevertheless, I carried away with me the impression of a man fear-haunted and overwrought.

As so often even in normal life, the contrasts between the sublime and the ridiculous were striking. The Bolsheviks requisitioned everything that took their fancy, from the boots, furs or earings on a woman passing in the street, to automobiles, and even entire houses and all therein. On one occasion, when they requisitioned a car, the lady to whom it belonged protested that she was not a Russian.

"What does that matter?" was the ready reply. "In the French Revolution wasn't Marie Antoinette's automobile requisitioned?"

One citizen, with more backbone than his fellow, decided to resist. He told his wife that should anyone attempt to steal from him he would be ready, and put his revolver in his pocket on going out for his daily stroll about dusk. A man brushed past him in the street. He felt instinctively for his watch, finding it gone, he seized the passerby by the arm, and significantly waving his weapon, demanded "Give me the watch!" The man gave it instantly. With a smile of triumph, our hero returned to recount his adventure. His wife met him at the door.

"You are late to-day!" she exclaimed. "And I am not surprised, as it is the first time I have ever known you to forget your watch!"

### The Great Canadian Arrives

HOW to describe to you the agony of that long month! Every day the power of the leaders, such as they were, grew less, anarchy more threatening. The members of the Soviets were changed, sometimes every forty-eight hours. Merchants opened the doors of their shops as little as they possibly could. Banks were raided. Difficulties and anxieties of every kind pressed upon us. One feared spica on every side—blackmailing was the order of the day. We had absolutely no news from Roumania. We felt abandoned. In the evenings all the families assembled in one room of the house, wrapped in overcoats, with overshoes on their feet, and lighted by a solitary candle, in order to economize.

One morning I was surprised by a visit from an American friend. "Do you know," he said, "there is a Canadian in town?"

The Canadian proved to be Colonel Boyle. The readers of MacLean's Magazine are familiar with the exploits of this remarkable man. His arrival in Odessa at this crucial moment was most providential for me and the whole Roumanian colony. By his courage and devotion he saved the lives of seventy hostages, of whom my husband was one. During his negotiations with the Bolsheviks I acted as his interpreter as he speaks no other language but English. I shall always remember his admonition before giving me this responsibility. "Now, I never worked with a woman before, but one thing I want you to be careful about. You say exactly what I say—don't add anything nor say what you think!"

It was on the morning of the day when the prisoners were to be exchanged that a friendly Russian came to my home and told me that the Bolshevik leader was not going to keep his contract—that already the prisoners were being taken to the dock. I drove to Col. Boyle's residence and he lost no time in coming with us, leaving his baggage, without a thought. We found the leader, and by sheer force of personality Col. Boyle made him promise that the prisoners would be released that afternoon.

"He is in a good humor, I fancy," he added, "counting his lions."

Curiosity overmastered my reluctance to interview this extraordinary personage. I entered the little private office of the Consul. Sitting before the desk I saw a small, thin, bearded man, whose bright and piercing eyes were bent frowningly upon me. On addressing him in English, however, his face relaxed. He replied in the same language, speaking with a pure accent and fluency, and, after a few moments' conversation, actually bade me take a seat. My fascinated eyes were riveted on the desk which was piled a foot deep with bank notes of every color and description. He graciously granted my request and even shook hands with me at my departure. Nevertheless, I carried away with me the impression of a man fear-haunted and overwrought.

In the afternoon we went to the boat to finally arrange the exchange of the prisoners. Women and mothers and children were crowding the dock waiting and it seemed that the worst would soon be over. I went with Col. Boyle onto the boat to again act as interpreter. The leader came forward, and when Col. Boyle demanded that he sign the contract at once he explained that his signature alone would be of no use he would go downstairs and bring some of his colleagues. Immediately after he left us a head was thrust through a sliding panel at our backs and a terrified voice whispered.

"Is that you, Mrs. Pantazzi?"

## The History of a Word

The trade-mark "KODAK" was first applied in 1888 to a camera for amateur use manufactured by the founders of the Eastman Kodak Company. It was simply invented.

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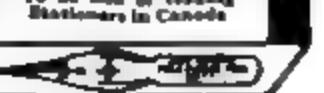


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"Yes," I said, "but who are you?" "Don't you remember me? I used to be a machinist on board the 'Cata' gun," mentioning a warship commanded some years previously by my husband. "I was taken prisoner and forced to run the engine. Get off the boat at once with that Englishman. We're putting off a ready."

We rushed for the gangplank which was crowded with the panic-stricken mob; some of the prisoners had already gotten off the boat and again we faced the leader. Col. Boyle thrust the paper in his face and said "Sign that!"

### Under German Rule

I was for the slight services I was able to render in these critical moments that I received the Star of Roumania.

"Yes, I'll sign," he replied energetically, and at the same time gave a signal that brought down a volley of rifle fire from above. People fell all around us.

My only thought then was for my husband. We rushed to each other and found shelter for a time beside a brick wall. Finally, however, we were forced at the point of the bayonet back to the boat. I looked around for Col. Boyle. He was still standing at the foot of the gangplank, by sheer weight of numbers, pushed a few feet from where we had left him.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked. At that moment we noticed two soldiers beating an aged prisoner with their rifles.

### Spanish Doubloons

Continued from page 24

the spoiled child of fortune. Aunt Jane and Miss Higgleby Browne were the joint commanders of the expedition, without relating the whole strange story of the diary and the laurel Queen. I was immensely pleased already by the elimination of Mr. Tubbs from the number of those who need have a finger in the golden pie. I thought that perhaps with patience I might coax events to play still further into my hand.

Had Mr. Tubbs but continued bland and wily, had he taken his fair confederates into his counsels, who knows how fat a share of the treasure they might have voted him. But he had abandoned his safe nook behind the throne, and sought to come out into the open as dictator. *Sic semper tyrannis.* So had the mighty fallen.

But meanwhile the cave drew me like a magnet. I jealously desired to be the first to see it, to snatch from Mr. Tubbs the honors of discovery. And I wanted to know about poor Peter and the doubloons that he had gone back to fetch.

But already Captain Magnus had forsaken the post of duty and departed on an unknown errand. Could I ask Cuthbert Vane to do it, too? And then I smudged a smile that was half proud. I might ask him—but he would refuse me. In Cuthbert's simple code certain things were "done," certain others not. Among the nota was to fail in standing by a friend. And just now Cuthbert was standing by Dugald Shaw. Therefore "rods and backs and wretched similes" were vain. In Cuthbert's quiet, easy manner, thick-headed way, he could turn his back capably on the face of love and follow the harsh call of duty even to death. It would not occur to him not to. And he never would suspect himself of being a hero—that would be quite the greatest part of it.

And yet, I knew poor Cuthbert was an exploded superstition, an anachronism, part of a vanishing order of things and that the ideal which was replacing him was a boiler-pated monster with clockwork heart and brain named Efficiency. And that Cuthbert must go along with his Jacobean manner, and his family ghost and the oaks in the park and everything else that couldn't prove its right to live except by being fine and lovely and full of garnished sweetness of the past—

At this point in my meditations the door of the cabin opened and Miss Browne came out, looking sternly resolute. Aunt Jane followed very pink about the eyes and nose. She threw an anxious fluttering glance at Mr. Tubbs, who sat up briskly and in a very us manner propped with a large bandana that hid his face, his crumpled shirt which looked torrid enough to scorch the very feet of the flies that walked on it. It was clear that on the lips of Miss Browne there hovered some important

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A big, hearty dish of the greatest food that grows. It is almost a breakfast in itself.

Note what that cent will buy, at this writing, in other foods which are excellent.

### What One Cent Buys

A bite of meat.  
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1-3 of an egg.  
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A cake of Hamburger Steak costs about as much as 6 dishes Quaker Oats. There is no greater food fact to consider in your breakfasts.

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### Cost by Calories

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Quaker Oats	6 1/2¢
Average Meats	45¢
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Per 1000 Calories

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Per 1000 Calories

70 Cents  
Per 1000 Calories

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## Words to the Wise

Most of us enjoying good health and

spirits are careless of our diet. We eat more and oftener than we should, foods which sooner or later upset the stomach. Then trouble sets in, taking the form of biliousness, indigestion, sleeplessness, dizziness and languor. We feel ill, cross and stupid; we become bores to our friends and to ourselves; life becomes a thing of horror not worth living. Yet, all this is absolutely unnecessary. Stop, think a moment!

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announcement, which might well be vital to the fortunes of Mr. Tubbs. With a commanding gesture Miss Browne signaled the rest to approach. Mr. Tubbs bounced up with alacrity. Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert observed less promptly but they obeyed. Meanwhile Violet waited, looking impudent as fate.

"And where is Captain Magnus?" she demanded, glancing about her.

But no one knew what had become of Captain Magnus.

As for myself, I continued to sit in the shade and talk. But I could hear with ease all that was said.

"Mr. Tubbs," began Miss Browne, "your recent claims have been matter of prolonged consideration between Miss Harding and myself. We feel— we can not but feel—that there was a harshness in your announcement of them, an apparent concentration on your own interests, all befitting a member of this expedition. Also, that in actual substance, they were excessive. Not half, Mr. Tubbs, oh, no not half! But one-quarter, Miss Harding and myself as the joint heads of the Hard Browne expedition, are inclined to think no more than the reward which is your due. We suggest therefore a simple way out of the difficulty. Mr. Dugald Shaw was engaged on liberal terms to find the treasure. He has not found the treasure. He has not found the slightest clue to its present whereabouts. Mr. Tubbs on the contrary has found a clue. It is a clue of the first importance. It is equivalent almost to the actual discovery of the chest. Therefore at Mr. Shaw, convinced I am sure by this calm presentation of the matter of the justice of such a course, resigns his claim to a fourth share of the treasure in favor of Mr. Hamilton H. Tubbs and agree to receive instead the former allotment of Mr. Tubbs, namely one sixteenth."

Having offered this remarkable suggestion, Miss Browne folded her arms and waited for it to bear fruit.

I DID—in the enthusiastic response of Mr. Tubbs. Having already played his highest trump and missed the trick he was now found himself with an entirely fresh hand dealt to him by the offering Miss Higgleby Browne. The care in his countenance yielded to beaming smiles.

"Well, we?" he exclaimed. "To think of your takin' old H. H. that literally! Of course havin' formed my habits in the financial centres of the country I named a stiff price at first—stiff price I won't deny. But that's just the little way of a man used to handlin' large affairs—not n' else to do. I do assure you. The Old Man himself used to say 'There's old H. H.—you'd think he'd eat the paint off a house, he'll show up that grasp'n' in a deal. And all the time it's just love of the game. Let him know he's goin' to win out and bless you, old H. H. will swing right round and fair force the profits on the other party. H. H. is slicker than soap to handle, if only you hand him right'! Can I say without hard for us that just now H. H. was not handled right? Instead he been' joshed with as he looked for he was took up short, and even them which he might have expected to show confidence here. Mr. Tubbs cast a reproachful eye at Aunt Jane—"run off with the notion that he meant just what he said. All he'd done for this expedition his loyalty and faith to same was forgotten and he was thought of as a self-seeker and Vengeful Shark." The pain of these recollections dammed the torrent of Mr. Tubbs's speech.

"Oh, Mr. Tubbs!" breathed Aunt Jane heartbroken and of course a tear trickled gently down her nose following the path of many previous tears which had already left their no trace.

Mr. Tubbs managed in some impossible fashion to roll one eye tenderly at Aunt Jane, while keeping the other fastened shrewdly on the remainder of his audience.

"Miss Higgleby Browne and Miss Jane Harding," he resumed, "I accept it would astonish them as has only



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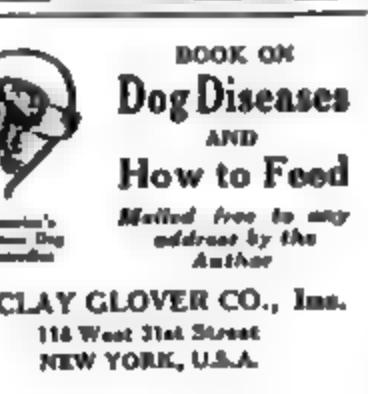
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known H. H. on his financial side to see him agree to a reduction of profits like this without a kick. But I'm a man of impulse, I am. Get me on my soft side and a kitten aint more impulsive than old H. H. And o' course the business of this expedition aint just business to me. It's—er—friendship, and—er—sentiment—in short, there's somethin' that's more than worth their weight in gold!"

AT those significant words the agitation of Aunt Jane was extreme. Was it possible that Mr. Tubbs was declaring himself in the presence of others—and was a response demanded from herself—would his sensitive nature, so lately wounded by cruel suspicion, interpret her silence as fatal to his hopes? But while she struggled between maiden shyness and the fear of crushing Mr. Tubbs the conversation had swept on.

"Mr. Shaw," said Miss Browne, "you have heard Mr. Tubbs, in the interest of the expedition, liberally consent to reduce his claim by one-half. Doubtless if only in a spirit of emulation, you will attempt to match this conduct by canceling our present agreement and consenting to another crediting you with the former sixteenth share of Mr. Tubbs."

"Don't do it, Shaw, hold the fort, old boy!" broke in Cuthbert Vane. "I say, Miss Browne, this is a belly shame!"

Miss Browne had always treated the prospective Lord Crassmers with distinguished politeness. Even her air was mild though lofty.

"Mr. Vane, I must beg leave to remind you that the object of this expedition was yet unattained when Mr. Tubbs, by following clues ignored by others, brought success with a our reach. Mr. Dugald Shaw having conspicuously failed."

"Failed!" repeated Cuthbert, with unprecedented energy. "Failed! I say, that's too bad of you, Miss Browne. Wasn't everybody here a lot keener than old Shaw about mucking in that silly cave where those Johnnies would have hard work to bury anything unless they were mermaids? Didn't the old chap risk his neck a dozen times a day while this Christopher Columbus stayed high and dry ashore? Suppose he did find the tombstone by stubbing his silly toes on it, so far he hasn't found the cave, much less the box of guineas or whatever those foreign chaps call their money. Let Mr. Tubbs go sit on the tombstone if he likes. Shaw and I can find the cave quite on our own, can't we, Shaw?"

"Mr. Vane," replied the still deferential Violet, "as a member of the British aristocracy, it is not to be supposed that you would view financial matters with the same eye as those of us of the Middle Classes, who, unhappily perhaps for our finer feelings, have been obliged to experience the harsh contacts of common life. Your devotion to Mr. Shaw has a romantic ardor which I can not but admire. But permit us also our enthusiasm for the perspicacity of Mr. Tubbs, to which we owe the wealth now within our grasp."

Mr. Shaw now spoke for the first time.

"Miss Browne, I do not recognize the justice of your standpoint in this matter. I have done and am still prepared to do my best in this business of the treasure. If Mr. Tubbs will not give his information except for a bribe, I say—let him keep it. We are no worse off without it than we were before, and you were then confident of success. My intention ma'am is to hold you to our original agreement. I shall continue the search for the treasure on the same lines as at present."

"One moment," said Miss Browne haughtily. She had never spoken otherwise than haughtily to Mr. Shaw since the episode of the Wise Woman of Dumbiedykes. "One moment, Jane—and you, Mr. Tubbs!"

SHE drew them aside, and they moved off out of earshot, where they stood with their backs to us and their heads together.

It was my opportunity. Violet her-

self had proposed that the agreement under which we had all come to the Island—the agreement which bound me to ask for no share of the treasure—should be cancelled. Nothing now was necessary but to induce Dugald Shaw to imminent himself. Would he do so—on my bare word? There was no time to explain anything—he must trust me.

I sprang up and dashed over to the pair who stood looking gloomily out to sea. They turned in surprise and stared down the two big men, into my flushed, uplifted face.

"Mr. Shaw," I whispered quickly, "you must do as Miss Browne wishes. In my earnestness I laid a hand upon his arm. He regarded me bewilderedly.

"You must, you must!" I urged. "You'll spoil everything if you refuse!"

The surprise in his face yielded to a look composed of many elements, but which was mainly hard and bitter.

"And still I shall refuse," he said garrulously.

"Oh, no, no," I implored, "you don't understand—oh, if you would only believe I am your friend!"

His face changed suddenly. It was still questioning—and guarded.

"Why don't you believe it?" I whispered unsteadily. "Do you forget that I owe you my life?"

And at the recollection of that day in the sea-cave the scarlet burned in my cheeks and my head drooped. But I saw how the lines about his mouth had softened. "Surely you must know that I would repay you if I could!" I burned on. "And not by treachery!"

He laughed suddenly. "Treachery? No! I think you would always be an open for."

"Indeed I would!" I answered with a dash of wrath. Then as I remembered the need of haste, I spoke in an instant's whisper. "I say—I can't explain, there isn't time. I can only ask you to trust me—to agree to what Miss Browne wishes. Everything you don't dream how much depends on it!" For I felt that I would let the treasure lie hidden in the Island Queen forever rather than that Mr. Tubbs should, under the original contract, claim a share of it.

The doubt had quite left his face.

"I do trust you, little Virgin!" he said gently. "Yes! I trust in your honesty, heaven knows, child. But permit me to question your wisdom in desiring to enrich our friend Tubbs."

"Enrich him—enrich him! The best I wish him is unlimited greed, in an almshouse somewhere. No! What I want is to get that wretched paper of Miss Browne's nullified. Afterward we can divide things up as we like."

NEWWILDERMENT shot with a gleam of half incredulous understanding seemed to transfix him. We stood a long moment, our eyes challenging each other, exchanging their counterfeits of faith and steadfastness. Then slowly he held out his hand. I let it move in it, we stood hand in hand comrades at last. Without more words he turned away and strode over to the council of three.

I now became aware of Cuthbert Vane, whom perplexity had carried far beyond the bounds of speech and imprisoned in a sort of torpor. He was showing faint symptoms of revival and had got as far as "I say—" uttered in the tone of one who finds himself moving about in worlds not real when the nearby group dissolved and moved rapidly toward us. Miss Browne exultant beaming was in the van. She set her substantial feet down like a charger passing the earth. You might almost have said that Violet pranced. Aunt Jane was round-eyed and twittering. Mr. Tubbs wore a look of suppressed astonishment almost of perturbation. "What's the game?" was the question in the emphaticated eye of Mr. Tubbs. But the Scotchman had when he chose a perfect poker face. The great game of bluff would have suited him to a nicely. Mr. Tubbs interrogated that inexpressive countenance.

Miss Browne advanced on Cuthbert Vane and seized both his hands in an ardent clasp.



THE STETSONIAN—presented as the Stetson Feature Hat for Spring 1920 because of its smart, authentic style and assured Stetson Quality.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY  
Philadelphia U.S.A.



MOIR'S  
Chocolates

The guest will know that you appreciate her call when she sees the box of Moir's Chocolates. The name "Moir's" is known to stand for the highest achievement in chocolate coatings and distinctive fillings.

Moir's Limited, Halifax





### Lovely Hands

The unmistakeable sign of refinement is a lovely hand, with well kept nails. See how quickly your nails will respond to treatment with

## HYGLO Manicure Preparations

growing shapely and beautiful, and lending new distinction and charm to your hand. A perfect manicure, requiring but a few minutes!

COMPLETE HYGLO OUTFIT at \$1.50 (pictured below) includes HYGLO Cuticle Remover and blonda, HYGLO Nail Polish in cake form, HYGLO Nail Polish Paste (pink), HYGLO Nail White, also HYGLO nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton. HYGLO manicure preparations can be bought separately at 35¢ and 65¢ each, at leading drug and department stores.

HYGLO Manicure for stiffening eyebrows and darkening eyebrows, can be readily washed off with water, including brush and mirror, 75¢, black, brown, blonde.

To enable you to try HYGLO Nail Polish, Powder and HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Blonda we will mail you small samples including emery board, orange stick and cotton upon receipt of 10 cents in coin.

GRAF BROS., Inc.  
Established 1873  
111 West 24th Street  
New York  
Harold F. Richter & Co., Inc.  
Retail Agents  
10 McCauley Street,  
Toronto, Canada

This Outfit \$1.50



## Dye Old, Faded Dress Material

"Diamond Dyes" Make Shabby Apparel Stylish and New—So Easy Too.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linens, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies,—everything!

A Direction Book is in package.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card. Wells and Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Canada, and Burlington, Vt.

## We'll rebuild— Your Lamp Into a "Quick-Lite"

If you have an old style gas-lighting lamp, we'll rebuild it to burn "Quick-Lite" gas. We will make it into a "Quick-Lite" gas-lighting lamp that will give you trouble-free service for years. Send us your lamp, returning it in perfect working order. The Quick-Lite burner costs extra for the cleaning and lighting is FREE. The Quick-Lite burner

Lights With a Match. No alcohol torch. Does not burn with smoke and fumes and tastes of alcohol. No risk of burning too hot. You merely hold a lighted match under the patent coil and in an instant you have a wonderful, brilliant, strong, white light, mellow and useful to the eyes. Spend your lamp and the instant it is perfect, you have a lamp over better than it was when original.

The Coleman Lamp Co.

Wabash & Paul Telco, Dallas, Texas—Chicago



## Why a Woman on the Movie Censor Board?

By GENEVIEVE GORHAM



Caroline Cassels, recently appointed to the Moving Pictures Censor Board for Ontario.

"If you were appointed to the Board of Movie Censors what would you cut from the films shown in the average picture-house, and what style of picture would you encourage?" This question was circulated among a rather representative group of some fifty people. There were a number of stenographers, teachers and other business girls, most of whom were enthusiastic movie fans; there were a few mothers of teen-age patrons, both boys and girls; several professional and business men, most of them with the sober judgment that comes with being the head of a household; and a few fairly

gay bachelors, who might not be expected to consider things so seriously. It was found that men who had traveled the world over and who might naturally have been a little super-critical in their dramatic tastes, frankly confessed to a fondness for the movies, though they scored certain common tendencies unsparingly. And it was found that on the

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DEPARTMENT OF NAVAL SERVICES

## ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A naval career is not compulsory, however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honor, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development or further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of building to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster, the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt, near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for, Ottawa, February 3rd, 1919.

## Economy

does not mean curtailing expenditure so much as getting full value for the money spent.

Meat is costly. Be sure of getting off the nourishment from the meat you eat.

Keen's D. S. F. Mustard

makes your food more easily digested and assimilated, so that there is no waste.

Have Keen's D. S. F. Mustard always on your table.

MAGOR, SON & CO.,  
Limited  
Montreal Toronto 13  
Canadian Agents

You Require a Garden to Reduce the High Cost of Living

**BRUCE'S SEEDS**

will do the rest.

They not only grow, but also produce the largest and best crops.

Free for the asking. Our 128-page catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Ducks, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., is ready. Write to-day.

**JOHN A. BRUCE & CO.**  
LIMITED  
Hamilton - Ont.  
Established 70 years.

**LEAD ALL QUALITY**

## CANADA'S LEADING HOTEL

**The Windsor**

European plan  
exclusively

Dominion Square - Montreal

Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district. Service unsurpassed. Rates from \$2 upwards per day. One block from Canadian Pacific (Windsor) Station, and five minutes from Grand Trunk (Bonaventure) Station. Headquarters for Moto. Tourists.

Further particulars and information on application.

JOHN DAVIDSON, Manager.

courage its development. The average full-fledged artist in an engraving house earns fifty dollars a week, but the salaries run all the way from thirty-five to eighty dollars, and, in exceptional cases more.

There are several lines to be taken up in an engraving house. A great many girls go into fashion work. To a lay person there is something very peculiar in the way fashion drawing is done. Most fashion artists specialize in doing a certain part of a drawing—for instance, one artist will draw just faces, another will sketch figures, another will put on the clothes and another wash in the color or draw the feet. Another may do nothing but detail work putting trimmings on dresses or patterns in lace. Specializing in this way an artist attains great speed with consequent increase in salary.

One Jap wash-artist in Canada makes

two hundred dollars a week; a girl drawing faces gets seventy-five dollars, another sketching outlines, sixty-five.

With these of course there are hundreds of others on salaries of twenty-five, twenty or even fifteen dollars a week, and a fashion artist has to reckon on two months' holidays without salary every year.

THE advertising line offers more scope for the artist's individuality, and may take a very high form of illustrating. A year in an engraving house is sometimes a good help in training for this, but as soon as a girl can make her way alone it is better to go at free lance work. Advertising agencies, and publishing houses, offer good positions and some of the large stores have art departments of their own for their advertising in the daily papers.

Erane Mowatt is one of the Canadian girls whose work in this line is becoming rather well known. Her specialty is drawing children and very live, colorful pictures they are, with a most appealing daintiness and kick in them. Miss Mowatt always liked to draw children, and even while she was serving her apprenticeship in an engraving house she used every interval to make sketches and take them out to show to possible prospects. Her first free lance work was a Mother Goose booklet for a firm manufacturing an infants' soap. "I went into the manager's office with ten cents in my purse and came out with a hundred-and-fifty dollar order." Since then she has had

Let us be reminded again that in any line of art work, only the talented girl can succeed. The remunerative returns are good, but they must not be the first consideration. The artist must have an ideal. If she works just for the money she can make a lot of it—for a while, but her work is bound to suffer. She must also work hard and make some sacrifices for her art, but she should not let her art so absorb her that she forgets to live, fully and happily with and for other people, which is, after all, the greatest of all arts.

## Everybody's Doing It

Continued from page 76

which had grown into \$500 had now mounted to \$2,680!

She says she's out of the market for good.

## Don't Like Women Traders

WOMEN traders are not liked by the majority of brokers. Most brokers assert that women are not good losers; when they win, they take all the credit to themselves for their unerring judgment; when they lose they go around and tell all their friends that their "broker has rotten judgment."

"Have you many women trading with you?" a broker who has been on the street more than forty years was asked.

"Thank God, no!" was his heart-felt reply.

## Why the fervor?

"Because they're poor losers; they play hunches, instead of reasoning out what they should do; they won't take an ordinary amount of profit but want to hang on until a slump may come which will wipe out their profits; not for me," concluded this broker.

## Unlisted Securities

THE transactions in unlisted securities during 1919 far exceed those of any previous year, and there were sensational advances made. One broker who probably knows more about these stocks than any other in the country informed a friend a few days ago that his 1919 turn-over had been

more work than she can do but she is glad to have had the experience of the first hard year.

Work of this quality is on a level with magazine illustrating, and by the way, too, one of Canada's leading illustrators started out as a fashion artist. Illustrating seems to be the goal to which the majority of ambitious artists aspire, though only a comparative few ever arrive. For those who are successful too much cannot be said for the fineness and interest and possibilities of the work.

IT seems in keeping to mention here another line for the woman with practical artistic ability—interior decorating. It is a rather unbroken field in Canada yet, but we have promise of excellent possibilities ahead. Even now the few good decorators who are giving all their time to the work have more than they can do. There is one danger spot for the profession here—that, being a new thing, with no definite standard established, people may undertake the work without a sufficient understanding to make a success of it. Three years is not too much to spend learning interior decorating; a university course would take longer. If a girl with ambitions in this direction is already making her own living and cannot afford the time to attend day classes, there are night classes at the leading technical schools. When she has finished the training she can go into business for herself if she has business ability as well as artistic skill, or she can take a position with a house furnishings store. Most of the large department stores have an expert to consult with their customers over problems of furnishing and decorating and there is no doubt that they would appreciate trained artists. The income of the good interior decorator leaves nothing to worry about, but for the right woman the salary will come second to the joy of creating beautiful homes.

Let us be reminded again that in any line of art work, only the talented girl can succeed. The remunerative returns are good, but they must not be the first consideration. The artist must have an ideal. If she works just for the money she can make a lot of it—for a while, but her work is bound to suffer. She must also work hard and make some sacrifices for her art, but she should not let her art so absorb her that she forgets to live, fully and happily with and for other people, which is, after all, the greatest of all arts.

Keeps Kitchen Wares Bright and Clean

For sanitary cleanliness in the kitchen use Old Dutch The Quality insures Economy

MADE IN CANADA

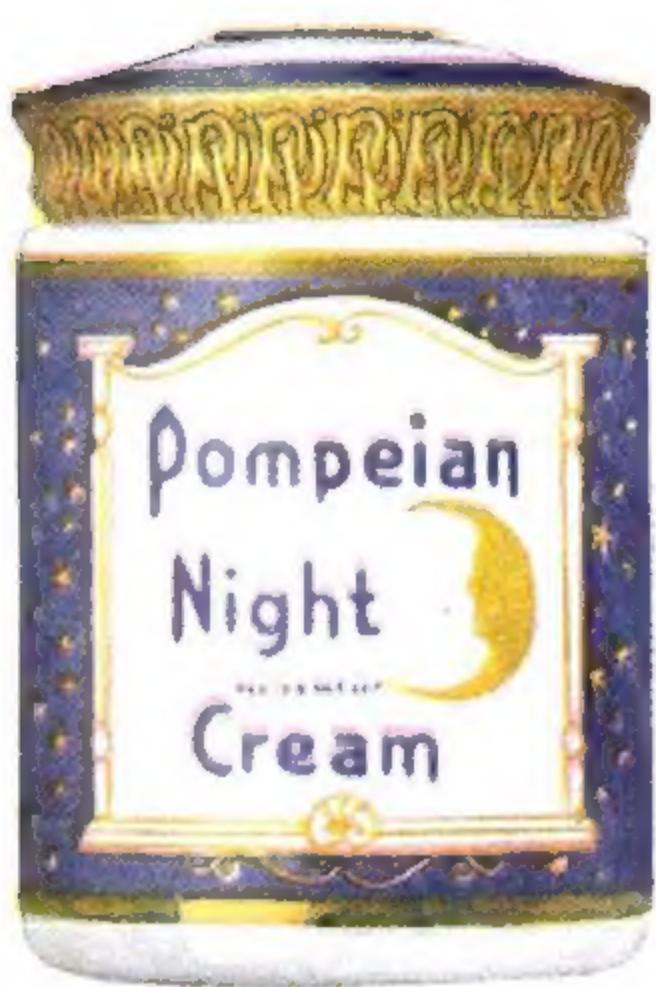
# Pompeian NIGHT CREAM



## *Brings Beauty while You Sleep*

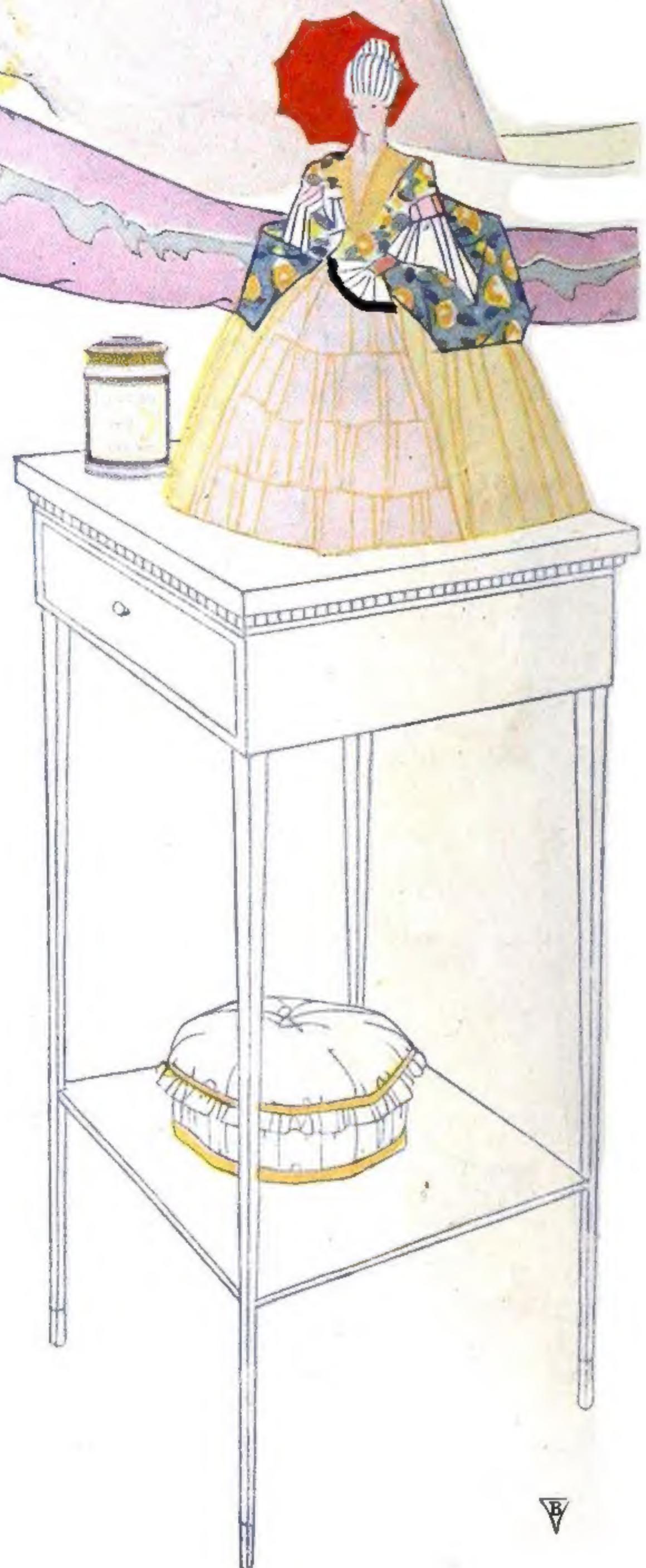
The new day is faced with confidence and joy if you apply Pompeian NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream) before you retire. The tired lines which the day's activities have brought are softened, the skin is refreshed and youth-i-fied. Pompeian NIGHT Cream brings, while you sleep, the beauty of a soft, youthful skin. Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale at all toilet counters at 50c and \$1.05 a jar.

Other popular Pompeian toilet preparations are Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), which removes face shine; Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on; Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble; Pompeian MASSAGE Cream; and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 30c talcum with an exquisite new odor).



### *Guarantee*

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, at Cleveland, Ohio.



THE POMPEIAN COMPANY  
4 Kildare Road, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada